The Philosophy of Nakedness, page 1104.

Modern Life

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CLEVERLY ILLUSTRATED, WITTY AND BRIGHT.

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EARLY BLOOMS.

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

Their Majesties "Taking Up" the River.

I hear that the King and Queen are to be seen once more down the river in the state barge at Henley this year, and the historic old Royal craft has been overlooked once more in view of the trip on the Silvery Thames. Should Their Majesties decide to make this an annual event a great influx of Americans may be expected in future for the world's most important rowing regatta. The Prince of Wales is said to be keen upon his parents taking up Henley regularly, especially as oarsmanship is now almost the only sport at which Britain maintains its pre-eminence. The Pragger Wagger himself hoped to figure conspicuously on the river, but he has now been persuaded out of this ambition, as his strength is not equal to the hard work necessary to first-class oarsmanship. It is not impossible, however, that His Royal Highness may figure in the Magdalen College boat at the May races on the Isis, and Magdalen will be more stuck up than ever if it can count a future King in its college crew.

* * *

The King and his Brown Bowler.

Queen Mary is getting very smart of late, and her new costume of bright red cloth becomes Her Majesty well. The Queen, when in good health, has a bright pink complexion, which goes well with her lovely fair hair. The Queen has always been fond of bright colours, in spite of the remarks occasionally made about her supposed sedateness. Her Majesty is certainly not extravagant in matters of attire, and frequently figures two or three times in the same dress in one week. Her favourite costume was the gold and white in which she figured at the famous Delhi Durbar. King George goes in for occasional unorthodoxy in suits and hats, and his fondness for his brown bowler is somewhat remarkable, as brown hats of the round type are now completely out of fashion.

* * *

Four Vacant Garters.

Some months ago we stated that when next the King made an appointment to the Garter Earl Grey was to be the recipient of the Premier Order. His Majesty has now four Garters awaiting wearers, those worn by the late Duke of Sutherland, the late Duke of Abercorn, the late Marquess of Northampton, and the late Earl of Minto. The latter has yet to be returned to His Majesty by the new Earl of Minto, of course, and when His Majesty receives it, it will be doubly appropriate should this particular Garter next be worn by Lady Minto's only brother, Lord Grey. The Greys, of course, are the oldest Garter family, and the only living commoner who wears the Blue Riband is Lord Grey's distant relative, Sir Edward of that ilk, the successful Foreign Secretary through the most momentous years of this century. It would also be peculiarly appropriate if Earl Grey were appointed the next Viceroy of India, of which there is a great probability. Should the Tories again come into power, I hear that old Lord Halsbury, who has been Lord Chancellor in three administrations, and is still very much to the fore, is to receive the Blue Riband. Another Garter will go to Lord Hardinge of Penshurst as soon as his viceroyalty of India is over.

Profiting by the Past.

I hear that Prince Henry is destined to go into resid... at Trinity College, Cambridge, when he is eighteen. ... present, the best-looking of the King's sons is still at ... It has also been decided that the Prince of Wales shall ... plete his entire University career at Magdalen, Oxford. ... His Royal Highness will not go to Cambridge at all. ... is recognised that King Edward's being sent to both Uni... ties was not a conspicuous success, as he could never ... claim to being a real alumni of either University; and the ... the idea was that of the Prince Consort (who, of cour... according to Queen Victoria, could never make a mist... it is well known that King Edward himself never appr... ciated his transference from Oxford to Cambridge.

* * *

The Atmosphere of the 'Varsity.

So the error is not to be made in the case of the pres... Heir Apparent, who is to be a "Maud'lan man" *par ... simple*, and the Royal champion of Oxford as long as ... lives. There are those who think that the King's com... visit to the Leys School at Cambridge betokens that one ... his sons will go there before he is old enough to matricu... That would be a real smart idea, for if our future prin... are to emulate the Kaiser's sons, and be real Empire-make... nothing will make them men of character so much as ... reared in the atmosphere of the 'Varsity. King George ... often been heard to express his regret that he was ... sent to either Oxford or Cambridge, nor to any public sch... which was, of course, owing to his being a second son, ... destined for the Navy from his birth.

* * *

Labour Trouble at Sandringham.

Just when everybody thought the strike season was ... and Labour intended to allow the country a little rest, ... is trouble on the Sandringham estate, with "one journey ... day" as the *motif* of the strike. This seems poor ret... for the almost tender efforts for the welfare of the R... employees during fifty years. The fact is, of course, that ... is not the custom for Royalty to pay its labourers anyth... more than the ordinary rate of pay for the work ... Nobody would thank Their Majesties for "spoiling the ma... ket" in labour, and even the Buckingham Palace and Wi... sor menials have rather a hard job to make both ends m... as, being in such high service, they are regarded outside ... somewhat superior to their own class, and are expected ... keep up this position, although a Royal coachman of so... boy receives only the wages given to people in any simi... position by a country squire.

* * *

Queen Mother's Model Dairy.

Where the Royal labourers get the advantage of the ... distinguished employ is in the gifts and general well-be... which are their lot. Queen Alexandra, it is to be feared, ... pampered the Sandringham fraternity until their heads ... been turned. Of late Her Majesty has been going in ... alterations in her model dairy there, which she formed ... after her marriage, after the fashion of the dairies of her ... country. Lots of other dairies have been since started ... the same foreign plan, those, notably, of the Duke of W... minster at Eaton Hall, and of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild ... his Buckinghamshire seat. Queen Alexandra can milk ... with the best, and used to do it often in her younger days ... and she taught all her daughters to do it equally well. ... the butter and eggs for Marlborough House are sent up ... London from the model dairy at Sandringham.

* * *

A Retiring Diplomat.

The visit of the King and Queen to Paris will, I am ... terminate the career in diplomacy of Sir Francis Bertie, ... is now seventy years old, and is anxious to spend the ... years of his life at home. Sir Francis has been over ... England to arrange everything for the Royal visit, ... were it not that he is our man in Paris at the moment, ... improbable that the King would take the Queen, as it is ... entirely unprecedented occurrence, and one under the R... lic which will tax the resources of the smartest of F.O. ... However, Sir Francis can be relied upon to see everyth... O.K. He has had his full run in Paris, and he has be... wise and tactful diplomat, and could write a remarkable ... of reminiscences an he dared.

* * *

No more Diplomatic Reminiscences.

But the days of diplomatic recollections came to an ... with Sir Horace Rumbold's, for that genial old fellow ... "memories" proved a lot too much for Lord Lansdowne

He: "She's not really pretty, you know, but somehow her face grows on you."
She: "I wouldn't like it to grow on me!"

the leader of the Tory peers promptly issued to budding ambassadors, secretaries, and abandoned for ever. And as there is no profession in the world which is kept so strictly "in the family" as the F.O. his Lordship's instructions are not likely to be disobeyed.

* * *

Four Centuries of the Paris Billet.

Talking of diplomacy being "kept in the family" reminds one that the Berties are about the oldest family known at the F.O. The Greys, perhaps, can go one older—perhaps one of Sir Francis's predecessors, Sir Henry Norris, son of a Constable of Wallingford Castle, occupied the Paris job in the time of Queen Elizabeth! That is a record that wants a bit of beating. It is no wonder, therefore, that though Sir Francis had never been out of his country on ambassadorial service until he had been forty years at the F.O. (permanent staff) he has turned out as keen and cute as ambassadors of the widest experience, like Lord Hardinge of Penshurst (now Viceroy of India), and Sir William Goschen.

* * *

What Sir Francis Bertie Owes to His Wife.

However, we must not forget Lady Feo Bertie! Sir Francis is one of our first line men who can never repay his wife the debt he owes her. Lady Feo was "born" in diplomacy. It was her father, the first Earl Cowley, who helped to avert what might have been a deplorable conflict between this country and France. Lord C. had received from Lord Salmesbury a despatch of a distinctly Jingoistic type. Lord Cowley saw *war* if that despatch were presented! So he popped it into his pocket, and strolled round to Walewski's. The brilliant French Minister looked at the despatch, which Lord Cowley was careful to allow him to read quite in his capacity as a private friend, and *not* as the representative of France, and when Walewski handed it back to Lord Cowley he said, "You may give me that despatch, but if you do I will send you your passports to-morrow morning!" Lord Cowley had to return that blatant despatch to Lord Malmesbury in London twice before it was fit to meet the eye of the French Minister! Not all our men on the Quai d'Orsay have been as useful as Lady Feo Bertie's father!

* * *

The New Lord Wimborne.

His father's death has not deterred the new Lord Wimborne from his appearance at Court as Lord-in-Waiting upon His Majesty, for which there is the best of all possible reasons, for the King will not have any of the other Asquithians, and though Mr. Asquith made his Lordship a peer in his own right as "Lord Ashby St. Ledgers" two or three years ago, it is as an hereditary peer that Lord Wimborne now appears in the Royal entourage. The only other member of Mr. Asquith's gang whom the King will tolerate in any official position at Court is Lord Willingdon, whom Mr. Asquith was forced to send out to Bombay a year ago by way of reward, Lord Wllingdon (old Earl Brassey's son-in-law) being very keen on the Indian job. It was in order that Captain Guest (Lord Wimborne) could succeed Lord Willingdon as Lord-in-Waiting upon the King that Mr. Asquith made him Lord Ashby St. Ledgers. (A Lord-in-Waiting upon H.M. must, of course, be a peer.) The other courtiers in attendance are the groom and equerries-in-waiting.

* * *

Memories of "Fanny Duchess."

Lord Wimborne's mother once kept a flower-shop (or was it bibles?) in Mayfair, and may do so still. Duchesses' daughters, of course, *can* keep shops! The widowed Lady Wimborne was one of the smart daughters of Fanny Duchess of Marlborough, and Lord Wimborne's coronet was one of "Fanny Duchess's" triumphs. Another was Lord Tweedmouth's barony. Lord Tweedmouth, the one-time Mr. Marjoribanks, married "Fanny Duchess's" best-looking daughter, and a handsome couple they made. Lord Tweedmouth was very Scottish, but he looked like a Jew, with his glistening black beard and rather hooked nose. He was, however, one of Nature's gentlemen, as the writer once discovered.

One of Nature's Gentlemen.

It was at the funeral of Fanny Duchess, in Woodstock Parish Church. The writer was in the church on the morning of the funeral, sketching the interior of the edifice for one of the papers. Quietly there entered the dimly-lighted building a solemn-looking figure in deep black, who approached the writer, and said, "Would you like to witness the obsequies in the private chapel of the palace?" The writer, of course, had no hope of this particular favour being granted, even if asked for (for the Duke is surrounded by a crowd of "stewards," "bailiffs," and flunkeys), so, with suitable acknowledgments for the kindness done, looked at the stranger's card, and found, in black borders "Lord Tweedmouth." It isn't every peer who will go out of his way to assist a struggling pressman in his oft difficult and thankless task.

* * *

Peers Earning their Own Living.

Amongst the coming marriages is that of Lord Wynford's brother, Mr. Jimmy Best, and Miss Mary Lees, eldest daughter of the late Sir Elliott Lees, Bt. Mr. Jimmy Best is in the Forest Department in India, and, like most of his kin, has got to "earn his own living"! The Bests were never any too well off. Jimmy's elder brother, the heir-presumptive to the peerage, is a tea plantation inspector up in Assam, and one of the leaders of the local volunteer cavalry, the Surma Valley Light Horse. Lord Wynford himself was in the R.H.A. until recently. He has a pleasant place down in Dorsetshire, where he does magisterial duty. The Bests since their ennoblement have run chiefly to women. There are living to-day four Ladies Wynford, just as there are four Countesses of Wilton. Within five years there were four Lords Wynford. The third Lord died in 1899, and the fourth and fifth in 1904.

* * *

Chitty's Last Dig at Sir W. Best.

The first Lord Wynford was that Justice of the Common Pleas who died in 1869, and who has gone down to posterity on account of "his great mind"! Will Best, who had been solicitor to a Prince of Wales, once said he "had a great mind to clear his court," and when Chitty included him in his "Law Index" he entered Sir William's name "Best, Sir William, his great mind!" It has always supposed that this was Chitty's final "dig" at the one solicitor to Royalty, who had not made himself any too lar by his caustic summings up.

* * *

Earl Amongst the "Stolen or Strayed."

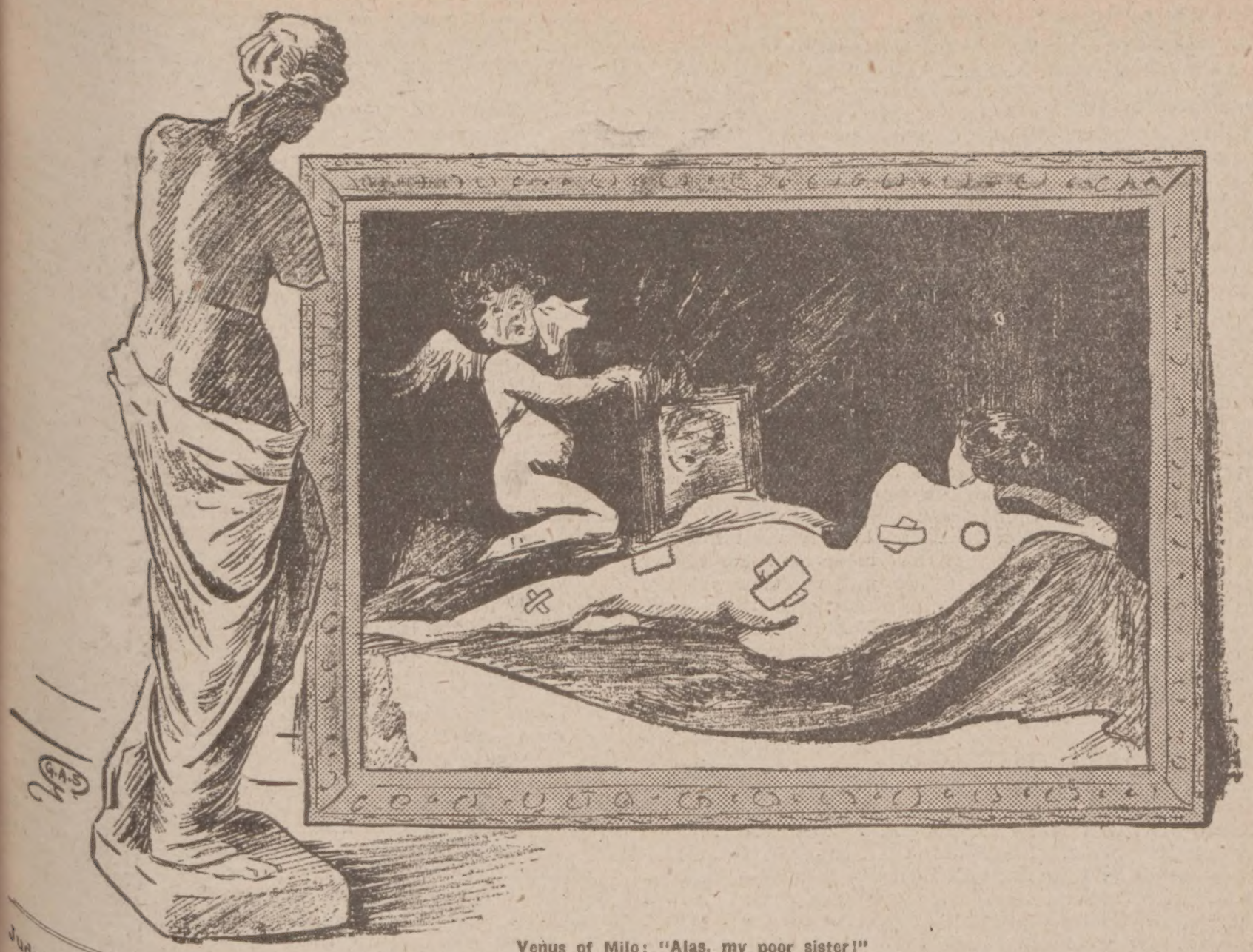
It is surely the quaintest of ironies that one of the prominent of British Empire-makers should be "advertised for," while he is making a tour of the in the effort to secure their interest in their own Lord Grey it was who took up the scheme for making Strand site a sort of colonial pool, where all the folk could meet on common ground, and where a perm exhibition of their wealth and products could be main His Lordship is now in New Zealand, with his Countess his unmarried daughter, Lady Sybil Grey, and he is due in Wellington, where he will make acquaintance Government House and its occupants. Hence Lord name amongst the "Lost, stolen, or strayed" is amusing. His Lordship's family are, of course, plac deep mourning for the late Lord Minto, who was Earl brother-in-law. Perhaps that was the cause of his ship's disappearance for a few days from the limelight.

* * *

Last of the Victorian Judges.

Old Lord Justice Vaughan Williams, who is ill at Bo is one of the most remarkable stayers of the English Bo He has been one of the King's judges for close upon a ter of a century, and during that time he has made hi tory. Universally recognised as a careful and painsta judge, he has seen every one of the Victorian judges cede him from active business at the Law Courts. the one Welshman in "high judicial office," and to seems time that he figured in the Court of final tribu where the seats are usually occupied by men whom Asquith has himself raised from the Bar. The fact Roland Vaughan Williams has passed the age when ano matters; but what he must think of some recent ju preferments we should love to know.

Susceptible Yankee: "You Londoners have no eyes for beauty. You never stop to admire a pretty girl."
Londoner: "No need to stop, old chap. There's always another pretty girl coming along."



Venus of Milo: "Alas, my poor sister!"

Judge who ought to get "The Flitch."

Sir Roland Williams is the only one of our judges who wrecked a government by a decision. Many years ago *Vanity Fair* said Sir Roland ought to be awarded the Dunmow Flitch, on account of his complete personal acceptance of petticoat government and Home Rule. "Regularly every day in term Lady Williams lunches with her husband in his private room at the Law Courts, and as regularly she reappears at four o'clock to accompany him home. I have repeatedly seen her Ladyship walking through the Temple on her way to the Courts, and on nearly all these occasions she or her maid has been carrying the judicial lunch in a basket." Anyhow, Sir Roland Williams has lasted a long time on this careful mothering. Lady Williams was, however, never able to make a dandy of her husband, and it used to be said that there was only one untidier man in the Law than Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams's clerk, and that was Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams himself!

* * *

Daylight versus Evening Courts.

The report that the evening Courts are to be abandoned in favour of afternoon Drawing Rooms has raised hopes, destined to disappointment, in the breasts of more than one smart dressmaker. In Victorian days only new toilettes of the most costly material were effective in daylight, but since the Courts have been held at night ladies have learned that "almost anything" will pass muster in the artificial light at Buckingham Palace, and a refurbished evening gown, with a train hired for the occasion, has been thought quite good enough by many a stately dame.

The necessity for a new gown costing anything from £50 to £100, to which daylight Courts would give rise, would keep a good many people away from Court, but dressmakers would be ensured a richer harvest from those who did attend. And the general public might be considered a little. The crowd used to derive much pleasure from witnessing in the Mall those on their way for presentation. It was sometimes very unpleasant, for the scarecrow appearance of the ancient dame in all the panoply and plumes of evening dress often called forth unflattering comment, but for the young and good-looking there was invariably respectful admiration.

Why Famous Pictures are Sold.

The announcements, made almost simultaneously, that the Duke of Abercorn has sold a Van Dyck for £80,000, and that Sir Edward Carson has sanctioned the expenditure of £60,000 on "Ulster's preparations" are due purely to coincidence. The Duke is by no means in a position lightly to give away such a sum, and with four uncles, two brothers, and a mother to be maintained in a style to do credit to their ducal relation, the Abercorn revenues are fairly heavily burdened.

Sheer necessity rather than greed has dictated one or two recent sales of famous pictures. Not long ago a venerable Earl was subjected to severe criticism for parting with an old master, but actually he sent it to America with many pangs of regret, for it was sold under circumstances that few people knew anything about—to pay a "debt of honour" of some £40,000 incurred in a single night by a member of his family!

Within recent years there have been many sales of valuable pictures, of which nothing has been heard by the public. The owner of a masterpiece does not want his affairs bruited about, but money is needed; tempting prices are offered, and the purchaser promises secrecy. So he decides upon a convenient exchange. He sells his picture, and replaces it with a copy, and nobody is the wiser. The few who would know the difference are never given an opportunity of detecting the counterfeit.

This "ringing the changes" is not an infrequent occurrence, nor is the proceeding confined to paintings. The game has been played with other objets d'art, and only a sale by auction—a remote contingency—or a valuation at death, would bring to light the fact that there had been "exchanges," and in the latter case the successors only would be concerned, and they would be silent.

Lord Saye and Sele had an unpleasant surprise not many years ago over a picture at Broughton Castle, the historic old family seat near Banbury. A treasure there was a full length Gainsborough, but the peer in possession sold it and replaced the original with a good copy, and his son and successor knew nothing about the transaction until the pictures were valued at his father's death. Lord Saye and Sele had sold the Gainsborough for £1,000 to a dealer, who resold it for £17,000.

MORE OR LESS.

One Minute More.

I have been reading just now a book on Madame du Barry. The biographies of fair, frail ladies always make interesting reading. One can learn a lot from their pages about the capture of men, what methods to adopt, those to avoid, and so on. Unluckily we have few kings to practise on these days. Charles the Second and the two Louis have never known their like. These are moral days so far as monarchs are concerned. Still, even if we have only the lesser fry to try our arts upon, a man's a man for a' that. But I wanted to speak of Madame du Barry, the lady who invented the particular shade of rose known by her name, and who helped by her reckless prodigality to set fire to the torch of revolution. When it was thoroughly alight pretty Madame du Barry found her life forfeit to the State. She made a cowardly end they say—her enemies attributed it to her plebeian birth—but to me her last words are very human. "One minute more, Mr. Executioner." Don't we all ask that one minute grace of life, of love, of everything that matters? What woman wouldn't forfeit the world for that one minute more with her lover? We count by years, but it is the minutes that are the deadly things of life. One by one they creep round the face of the clock of life and vanish. And as nearer and nearer comes the time for that clock to strike, is there one of us who has not said in our hearts "One minute more, Mr. Executioner"?

* * *

Brick-Dust and Honeysuckle.

Some progressive busy-bodies are trying to do away with stiles and hedges, and lanes, and things—all the pretty useless things that make for economic wastefulness, whatever that may mean. The smell of honeysuckle, two lovers sitting on a stile with fat, foolish faces shining with hope and soap, the red flare of the sun behind the green lace of a hedge—these hold no joy for progressive people. What they want is more room—more room to build their nasty little rows of flat red houses, more wide roads for their motors, more sullen suburbs, and smoky chimneys. They have roads made of brickdust, these progressive people. Of no use to talk to them of the value of kissing stiles and lovers' lanes as an asset to life. They will never understand, these people, the earnest desire a beautiful sunset gives to hold somebody's hand, the joy of the bridal scents of the nesting hedges at spring-time, the clear, sharp thrill of a meadow full of meadow-sweet and sheep. "You can't live on scenery," one of these progressive persons said to me one day. That may be so, and I daresay the average person would prefer a diet of Consols to one of cabbage, but at the same time you can't live on a good many things that even progressive people like in their spare time.

* * *

Love's Boomerang.

In spite of all the cranks and busybodies in the world love will still continue to be the principal business of everybody's life. There is not a person among us to-day, eating, drinking, sleeping, awake, or working, hasn't at the back of his or her mind the thought of somebody of the opposite sex. Human nature being what it is, it is quite possible the somebody varies as often as the moon changes in size. But it is the same old moon just as it is the same old love; the same feelings are awakened, whether your lover's brown eyes or blue, and a fair-haired sweetheart's kisses are worth as much as those of her dark-haired predecessor. And when you read in the papers of a tragic end to an engagement—of lover killing lover because she was untrue—it seems so useless. You can't hurt love. It can only hurt you. Love is the most heartless thing in the world.

* * *

For Sale.

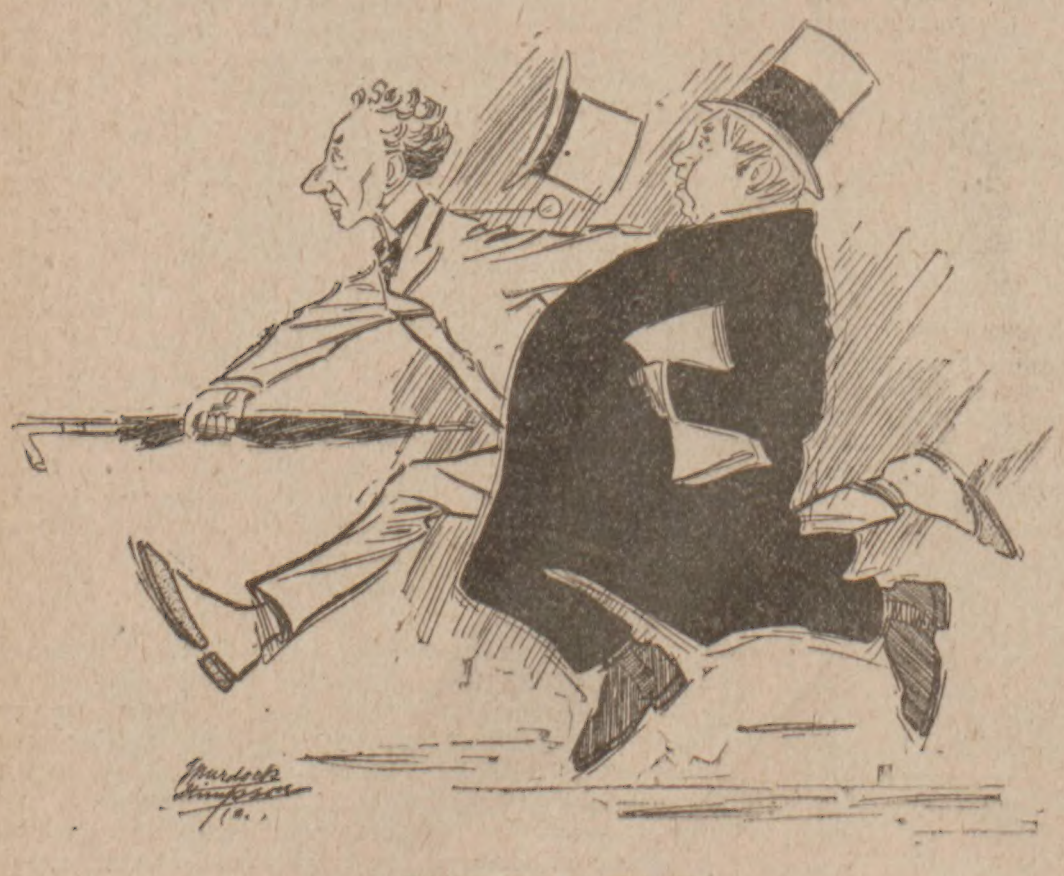
Does anybody want to buy an island? If so, I am willing to play Friday to their Robinson Crusoe. There is a jolly one for sale in the West Indies, with all the eggs you want thrown in, plenty of mutton feeding on the hills and a picture palace thirty miles away. There are cocoanuts too, sufficient to make life a perpetual Bank Holiday; and the Insurance Act never troubles one's peace, and there are no rates and taxes. If this isn't an ideal place for a honeymoon I should like to know what is. The only trouble about a honeymoon is that you must have a man to go with it with, and men are shy of coming up to the scratch these days. Anybody would think that they belonged to that tribe of spider, the female of which eats her mate for breakfast the day after the wedding. One can understand the spider's reluctance to serve as wedding breakfast as well as bridegroom, although it really only goes to prove that where love is concerned a woman will swallow anything, but there is no excuse for a man preferring to transact his matrimonial pleasures unofficially. Still, there you are. The only excuse a man has ever any use for is a woman.

* * *

Drawing Room Parsifals.

Queen Alexandra's hope that no girl shall be allowed to sell Alexandra roses in the streets this year unless accompanied by a friend does not say much for Her Majesty's opinion of the masculine sex. It is a curious fact, but none the less true, the moment you ask a favour of a man even if the favour is only to buy a rose of him, he presumes. The man you meet in the drawing-room is not the same person when you meet him in the street. The introduction into life of that much misused word, the "business" girl, is responsible, to a large extent, I think, for this. A man gets into the habit of addressing every girl as if he were paying her thirty shillings a week because he has one in his employ. So true is it that "Men are women kneeling; when they get up they go away." To illustrate my point: I have no brief for the militants, but a photograph has just appeared in the illustrated papers that greatly annoyed me. It represented Captain Craig standing outside Sir Edward Carson's house with his hat at a contemptuous angle telling a suffragette Sir Edward Carson would see her. It is quite possible Captain Craig meant no discourtesy, but the whole attitude is expressive of the view we take of women who descend from the pedestals on which originally, to prevent their breaking, men placed them with careful hands. You can't get away from it. The average man is not a gentleman when he deals with an unprotected woman. But in the drawing-room of a woman of his own class he is a very Parsifal of propriety. Still, I suppose even the devil, when he goes to call, leaves his tail with his hat and stick in the hall.

LOUISE HEILGERS.



THOSE EARLY TRAINS.

Thin Party: "I know we shall miss it!"
Stout Party: "Then what are we running for?"

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

It is evident Mr. Runciman intends raising some objections to Colonel Hall Walker's Decrepit Horses Bill, judging by what he told an interviewer. Though personally objecting to the traffic, he thinks that if it is totally abolished the cruelty will be driven into this country. This is absolute nonsense, as the President of the Board of Agriculture knows perfectly well. The R.S.P.C.A. would see that the small owner did not go on working old horses until they collapsed!

* * *

Mr. Runciman has himself been over with a load of horses to Rotterdam, but he must be gifted with less than average intelligence in thinking there would be anything wrong on the boat he selected. All concerned in the traffic would know of his semi-official trip, and the simple-minded Mr. Runciman would see nothing of the real horrors of the trade, which ought to have been ended by Lord Lincolnshire, but the ex-President of the Board of Agriculture is a courtier, and more fitted for dancing attendance at Court than to be chief of an important Government Department.

* *

Rumours are current concerning a coming divorce between a Jewish couple moving in the best Anglo-French society. They were married a year or so ago. The husband is a member of a well known and wealthy family domiciled in this country, the wife being French.

* *

Some employees in a kinematograph establishment, where the leading lady "rules the roost," are now rather sorry they have not recognised the fact. Knowing on which side their bread is buttered, most of them have not failed to pay due deference to "her ladyship" (even the scenery men—we beg their pardon, scenic experts—have fallen into line) and the reward has been higher favour with "the Guvnor," and salaries they are not worth. A few unwise ones have flouted the favoured "leading lady," and their services have been dispensed with. It is said there is no fool like an old fool, but where a young girl is concerned we prefer to give the biscuit to the middle-aged man, who seems even more susceptible to youthful charm than the old roué with one foot in the grave.

MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD.
Woman's Most Dangerous Weapon.

* * *

One does not care to interfere with the poor man's sport, but it is high time whippet coursing with rabbits is abolished. It will be urged that it is no worse than coursing hares with greyhounds, but actually there is no comparison. When turned out to make a run for life the wretched rabbits are more often than not too frightened to move, and no wonder, for with the raucous shouts of the bookmakers, the yapping, barking medley of the whippets, and gesticulating and yelling owners, there is a perfect pandemonium.

* * *

Remembering the sweating methods of the Post Office it would be interesting to know what salary was paid the Sussex country sub-postmaster who was convicted of embezzling the other day. Many people would also like to know the name of the sweet firm making an annual profit of £30,000, which employed a woman for years at seven shillings and gave her a rise to eight when her husband died. They would be able to show their opinion of sweating methods by purchasing another firm's goods.

* * *

Claims to abeyant honours are being made on the flimsiest pretexts, and the surprise is that the Attorney-General, acting on behalf of the Crown, does not at once nip them in the bud by pleading feudal law, under which an honour passing into abeyance between co-heirs thus remains until only one co-heir is left. As counsel for a co-heir to the Fitzwaryn barony said, during the hearing of the claim to that honour, "there is no reason why the peerage should be called out of abeyance at all," and this applies to all recent claims, including the successful ones of the wealthy Mr. Burdett-Coutts, now Lord Latymer, and Audrey Lady Petre's fourteen-year-old daughter, now Baroness Furnival.

* * *

A claim that can only be characterised as impudent is that of Mr. C. Kemeys-Tynte, a rich landowner, with extensive estates in Somersetshire and Glamorganshire, who is petitioning His Majesty to be graciously pleased to summon him to Parliament as Lord Wharton. Actually this barony is not in abeyance at all, for it was attainted through the treason of the notorious Duke of Wharton, sixth and last Lord Wharton, and before making a claim to it a petitioner would, it might be thought, first pray His Majesty to be graciously pleased to give directions for the introduction of a bill into Parliament to relieve him from the effects of the Act of Attainder. A parallel case to that of Mr. Kemeys-Tynte was the claim of a year or so ago of Mr. C. M. Kenworthy, Dr. R. G. Alexander, a Halifax medical man, and Colonel A. H. Leith, an Aberdeenshire laird, who wanted the ancient baronies of Burgh, Strabolgi, and Cobham, though the latter is attainted. It was a nice little arrangement, a barony for each, but it did not come off.

* * *

The irrepressibility of personality in the theatrical world has been a source of wonder for years, but it is nothing to that of the kinema actor or actress. The members of the "new perfession," as one described it, are more obtrusive than the mummer who in days gone by used to be met on Monday morning at "Poverty Corner," by Waterloo Road and York Road, outside the hostelry of the latter name. The kinema player began decently, but now picture theatres are presenting thrilling dramas (with titles in comparatively small type) "figuring" Mr. or Miss So-and-So, the name being in large type, the person being some obscure individual who has been a failure on the legitimate stage.

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF NAKEDNESS.

The favourite pastime of the English people is not cricket or football or marbles, as schoolboys are taught to imagine, but the gentle jackass game called "Wrapping Things Up." This game is divided into two parts, in which regard you will observe that it differs from that "omnia Gallia" of which you have such lively recollections when you go back to your schoolboy days. And it not only differs from ancient Gaul arithmetically; it also differs in the constituents of the parts into which it is divided. For while the three parts into which (Cæsar tells us) Gaul was divided were characterised (among other things) by a classical yet rugged naturalness of life among their peoples, the two parts into which the great English game of Wrapping Things Up is divided have nothing whatever to do with either culture and learning or naturalness of any sort or kind. Nothing whatever. I should think not, indeed. We have improved upon all that nonsensical natural culture of ancient days. We don't have anything to do with such common, illiterate, ignorant, presumptuous people as Cicero, Cæsar, Horace, Virgil, and gentlemen of that kidney. Not on your life. We've got our own little backyard, and there we play our own national game of Wrapping Things Up. Part I.—Literature. Part II.—Women. For our literature and our women are largely responsible for all the intricate and idiotic ramifications of the veneer that we call our "national life." We live on books that are specially selected for us, like our soap, by cash chemists, or, like the advertisements of the soap, by newspaper proprietors, and on a section of woman specially manufactured by God knows whom for God knows what! What hope is there for the liberation of a people when it is typified by the fact that a man like Hall Caine, brought up under the shadow of Rossetti, can descend to the quackery of "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," and sell his books to women by the quarter of a million? What hope is there for a literature that can possibly embrace the fact that the lady author of "The Rosary," brought up among the influences of the Church that gave us the great prose of Thomas Browne and Cardinal Newman, can wallow in the literary muck that she turns out and sells by the million to the mental degradation of her sex? What hope is there for a people that tolerates such women as the Pankhurst gang, under the hypocritical pretence that human beings are sacred if they wear skirts, and impervious to every restriction of a law and order that it has taken us centuries to build up? What hope is there for a people that contains millions of women who are busily engaged in the worship of a Hypocritical Veneer that is called "the foundations of society," and that means neither more nor less than a respectable, implied denunciation of those who are after the true philosophy, the only philosophy, the philosophy of spying out the nakedness of the land and clothing it with the clothes of Humanity and Art? Women (the wrong section of women) are the enemies of the Philosophy of Nakedness, by which I mean truth, frankness, sincerity, honesty of teaching and conduct; and it is because men are allowing themselves to be dominated by such women, and are forgetting all about the true type of woman, that we see in England the signs of decay that history teaches us always become visible when the life of Nature is swamped by the seas of unreality and an unnatural ambition. When women get back to simplicity, and men to the virility that is inherent in our race, there will be some hope for England, and not till then.

Take one or two examples which show the difference between the Philosophy of Humbug in which we live, and the Philosophy of Nakedness which I would like to preach. You remember the visit to England not so long ago of Bergson, the philosopher of modern France. Bergson gave numerous lectures in London on some of the most difficult problems that can occupy the human mind. He became a cult. People flocked to hear him, pretending that they were deeply interested in him and his wonderful ideas. The majority of these people, as always is the case with fashionable cults, were women. It became the correct thing to pretend that you were deeply interested in Bergson. People had a look of shame on their faces if by any possible chance they could be suspected of not being perfectly familiar with the deep thoughts of this great philosopher. Yet there was nothing whatever to be ashamed of. The very same people would pride themselves upon being ignorant of great thinkers like Herbert Spencer, John Mill, or Arthur James Balfour. Bergson was fashion, you see, the rage. It was the sin that can never be given, not to know all about him. And what was truth of the whole thing? Bergson had a magnetic fascinating personality, a melodious voice, a "nice manner" (as it is called among doctors), and the who love and live on pretence flocked to worship shrine when they would have been much better in worshipping at the shrine of babies. Why? women understand, or ought to understand, know nothing about philosophy, and never will thing about it. They were not made to understand thing about it, except in exceptional cases, like George Eliot. They were, in a word, off their and like all people when off their pedestals they of themselves. And now that Bergson has gone Bergson is forgotten by his "philosophic" lovers, gaily looking for the next magnetic personality to bewitch them.

Mind you, there is not the slightest objection to the of England reading philosophy, if they want to their spare time. But what I can't understand desperate anxiety to pretend that they are interested things in which they are not interested, and cannot sex be interested because Nature did not make them interested in such things. Or, to put it in another Nature has provided them with limitations which impossible for them, except a small minority, to the depths and the heights of philosophic thinking, they play the great game of wrapping things up, ping up their own natures and hypocritically pretend that they are capable of annexing part of the nature man. You don't see men doing this, except in a minority of cases. Why, even M. Faguet, the distinguished Frenchman of letters, confessed the other day he had Bergson's books and didn't understand them. "I understand nothing at all," he said. And Bergson, when he was told what M. Faguet had said, was not in the least surprised. He showed no irritation, and no disappointment. He simply, and truly, and said: "Most of my hearers are in exactly the same position, except that they haven't got the frankness to own it."

You see how Bergson and Faguet are apostles of naked truth, when they can find it, and are thus diametrically opposed to those who, under the shadow of magnetic personality, clothe themselves in the clothes of pretence and humbug. The real psychological truth about the feminine worship of a Bergson is that their physical nature is under the influence of a sex attraction—nothing else. Psychologically, it is just the same as crowds of women (under the influence of a craze) running after a black prize-fighter like Johnson, or a white one like Carpentier, as women have done in America and France—just the same as their running after a Paderewski, or a poet, whose art they neither understand nor genuinely appreciate.

The imaginative reader will have no difficulty in applying what I may call my Bergson theory in many ways which I have not space to refer to-day. You have only to cast your eyes around you to see the thing working. For instance, women wear extraordinarily strange and fantastic clothes and hats, and every year they seem to get more fantastic. All this is humbug, because women do not know that they wear these terrible things from a love of beauty when they really, at the back of their minds (whether they know it or not), wear them (as they do most things) to attract the admiration of the lords of creation. Of course you won't get a woman to admit this for a moment, which is only another proof that my Bergson theory of pretence versus nakedness is a true theory. A woman, if driven to explain, and told straight out that women have no conception of true beauty, perhaps admit that, but she decorates herself in an extravagant manner that, when analysed, is very like the manner of savages, because she is not going to be seen worse dressed (as she calls it) than her lady friends and acquaintances. She doesn't see that she is not in the least jealous of her friends, although she pretends to be so. She is, in the essence of the thing, intensely jealous of the possibility of her friends attracting the male sex, and she decorates herself for exactly the same reason as a savage woman puts feathers on her person. And the funny part about it all is that the wonderfully made and gorgeous things that are supposed to attract men only make men laugh up their sleeves. For men in reality like nothing in women so much as the simplest and sweetest simplicity, both in dress and manner

Coming down from the Olympian heights of Bergson and philosophy, look at the humbug that is prevalent in London at the present time (and indeed always) in connection with the interesting subject of nakedness. The hypocrites are making a big fuss because two undressing scenes are being enacted on the London stage. Here it is men who are to blame (but only because of women), for in a matter like this women look at the thing quite naturally and sensibly, and men play the great game of "Wrapping Things Up." In the stage scenes referred to women partially disrobe on the stage, and men are concealed in a wardrobe. But, of course, when the women have partially disrobed they have still infinitely more clothes on them than lots of women have in private life worn in the presence of nine-tenths of the audiences at these theatres, or any other theatres. Yet many of these men hypocritically pretend, for the sake of deceiving their womenkind, I suppose, that it is perfectly shocking to see a woman on the stage with less than half-a-dozen thick petticoats on to hide her form divine. I don't mean that the men pretend this when by themselves. They look upon the whole thing, without any of what are called "immoral" thoughts at all, as a piece of quite legitimate and harmless amusement incident to the development of the play—which is exactly what it is. Yet the very same men, when writing for the Press it may be, and certainly when in the presence of their conventional womenkind, seriously pretend that the thing is rather disgusting. And the womenkind pretend that they are pleased that their male friends are so high-minded as to be shocked at nothing at all, when all the time they, the womenkind, are laughing up their sleeves at men being so funny as to be shocked at a woman who is quite properly (if only partially) clothed. The most extraordinary example of this hypocrisy regarding the stage was in connection with the row the Bishop of Kensington made over the poor innocent legs of Gaby Deslys. These legs, you remember, were powdered as they proudly pirouetted on the stage. There was nothing at all objectionable about them, any more than there was about hundreds of other legs that had been seen by the audience, both on and off the stage, powdered and not powdered. Even the Mrs. Grundy side of the press had discovered nothing objectionable about Gaby's legs. They were very nice legs, and Gaby Deslys flung them about in a very nice, artistic, and quite proper manner. But the good Bishop of Kensington, you remember, kicked up a fearful row about the poor limbs, and reported them to the Lord Chamberlain. Then came the funny climax. The Press, almost unanimously, severely criticised a new play that was supposed to contain a doubtful undressing scene. So the good Bishop, certain this time that he was going to run a nice, big, fat fox to earth, sent two specially selected churchmen to examine the objectionable play. They reported that they found nothing objectionable in it, and the good Bishop made himself suddenly scarce as a censor of the stage, and has not been heard of since in that capacity. Why then, we may ask, did the London Press say that this particular undressing scene was really "too near the knuckle," as the poet put it? They said so, not because they thought it, but because they hypocritically pretended that the great British public would hypocritically pretend that it would like the Press to pretend to be supremely respectable and proper regarding the stage and everything else. It was a supreme illustration of the great truth with which I started, that the greatest game in England is the game of "Wrapping Things Up"—on no account whatever to say or do exactly what you think to be natural, and right, and proper. Naked we came into the world and naked we shall go out. But not for a moment are we allowed to be naked while we are in the world—never at any rate mentally, and only physically with the blush of innocence upon us, as if we were thoroughly ashamed of ourselves.

JONATHAN GRUB STRETE.

THE SOURCE.

Mr. Hoyle was a most indulgent father, but of late he had commenced to think that his son Arthur was taking advantage of his generosity.

"Why, when I was your age, young man," he said one morning, after a particularly urgent demand for more funds, "I didn't have as much money to spend in a month as you spend in a day."

"Well, dad, don't scold me about it," said the youth. "Why don't you go for grandfather?"—*Harper's Monthly.*

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

ARTISTIC ECONOMY.

"Of course, I want my daughter to have some kind of artistic education. I think I'll let her study singing."

"Why not art or literature?"

"Art spoils canvas and literature wastes reams of paper. Singing merely produces a temporary disturbance of the atmosphere."

* * *

OVERDUE NOW.

"How is De Fer financially?"

"All at sea."

"Eh?"

"He says he's going to pay up everything when his ship comes in."

* * *

THE REAL QUESTION.

"My son," said the father, impressively, "suppose I should be taken away suddenly, what would become of you?"

"Why," said the son, irreverently, "I'd stay here. The question is, what would become of you?"

Mistress: "It is perfectly disgusting. If you continue like this I shall have to get another servant."

Servant: "And a good job too. Two servants would be none too many for this house."—"Journal Amusant."

THOUGHTFUL.

Little Della was slowly turning the leaves of her nursery-book when suddenly she looked up and inquired:

"Mother, what day was I born on?"

"Wednesday, dear."

"Wasn't that fortunate! It's your day 'at home,'" replied the little miss.—*Harper's Magazine.*

* * *

"Oh, Will," she said, moving a trifle closer to him, "I am so glad you are not rich! They say that some of those millionaires receive threatening letters saying that something dreadful will happen to them if they don't pay the writers sums of money."

"Oh, is that all?" replied Will. "Why, I get plenty of such letters."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

* * *

PROBABLY.

Miss Wheat, the new teacher, was hearing the history lesson. Turning to one of the new scholars she asked:

"James, what was Washington's Farewell Address?"

The new boy arose with a promptitude that promised well for his answer.

"Heaven, ma'am," he said.—*Harper's Monthly.*

* * *

"Miss Ethel," he began, "or Ethel, I mean—I've known you long enough to drop the 'Miss,' haven't I?"

She fixed her lovely eyes upon him with a meaning gaze.

"Yes, I think you have," she said. "What prefix do you wish to substitute?"—*Catholic Citizen.*

INTERROGATIONS
AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

Who is the peer's son who suddenly discovered in the middle of the fashionable dance that he was wearing *green* socks? Did not the young knut suffer much mental torture while his host's valet was hurriedly procuring a pair of the regulation black?

* * *

What is the precise connection between the Suffragette "siege" of Sir Edward Carson's house and the latter's recent denial of his engagement?

* * *

Who is the famous M.P. who has been endeavouring to find an office ready to insure his life for £40,000. Why has he met with so little success?

* * *

Was it not very unfortunate that a young man commanded to the last levée should have selected entirely the wrong person for the bestowal of a tip?

* * *

What did the Society woman do when she saw her long-lost silver "patch box" on the drawing-room table of a friend?

* * *

Has not the stockbroker good reason to regret that little habit of the Post Office of connecting three telephone subscribers together at the same time. Was it not a very unfortunate coincidence that his wife should have rung up just then?

* * *

Who is the M.P., reputed to be one of the best dressed young men about town, who is such an excellent customer at the second-hand clothes shop not far from Covent Garden?

* * *

Is not the stork displaying unusual unpunctuality in paying his promised (and expected) visit to the Duke and Duchess of Brunswick.

* * *

How many Ulster rifles has the chairman of the well-known bank stored at his house? How on earth is he going to smuggle them across the Irish Channel when the signal is given?

* * *

What is the nature of the books so assiduously collected by the ex-M.P.?

* * *

If the Court officials really took all the patent medicines that Queen Alexandra prescribes for them, would there not be a great number of them on the sick list?

* * *

The name of the very highly connected young lady who went to the Chelsea Arts Ball dressed as an Indian Princess? How she managed to evade the vigilance of "mamma," and if the latter was under the impression that she was fast asleep in bed all the time?

* * *

The identity of the rather "flashy" youth who sold a tie-pin to a lady in the Palm Court at the Palladium, and if the emerald which she had so much admired turned out to be glass?

1914 FASHION.
The result of trying to please everybody.

If a theatre is to be founded in Paris for the sole purpose of teaching women how to dress? And if it isn't about to?

* * *

If "futurist pyjamas" of nightmare pattern are the latest thing in the catalogue of women's fashions, and if so husbands are likely to object?

* * *

Was it purely by accident that in the crush after the ball the other night the winsome little lady got ushered into the wrong car with the wrong man? How was it that they did not return at once to find their missing partners? And did the man's wife really credit the tale he told her of the "unfortunate mistake"?

* * *

What was it that made Sir George Kekewich look so glum at dinner the other evening at the Metropole, Brighton?

* *

Who is the author annoyed at the request for the settlement of a small account that was made in the presence of several lady friends, and asked his creditor to wait a few moments while he cashed a cheque, and on his return paid his account all in pennies?

* *

Had he really the right to be annoyed, as the bill, which did not run into £2, had been owing for two years?

* *

Chief-Constable A. Williams, of West Ham, seems to have a very keen sense of humour.

* *

Who was the gentleman who brought back to his partner a box of chocolates after an interval at the "Marriage Market" the other night, and on discovering that she had purchased a small box for herself during his absence, returned the one he had bought to the attendant, and asked for his money back? No prize is offered for the solution as to whether the couple were married or not.

* *

Would there be much weeping and wailing in the land if there was a cry of "Mann overboard", before a certain gentleman landed in South Africa? We think not.

* *

Who is it who has managed to secure sheets of the best notepaper of well-known people all over the country? Are not the letters written on them causing great consternation in many instances? And is there not a lively time in store for the perpetrator of these little billets doux when a certain Prince discovers his identity? And why is it not likely to be settled by a private horsewhipping than to be brought into Court?

* * *

Who were the two well-known musical comedy actresses who both received letters from the same sprig of nobility, but unfortunately in the wrong envelopes? Was he extremely surprised when he received exactly similar answers to his notes? And were they quite the answers expected?

* * *

Who is the musician who has just insured his thumb for £2,000?

...he identity of the pretty brunette with the wonderful ... who has lately taken to riding in the Park very early ...he morning, dressed in masculine attire?

* * *

...f Mr. Hall Caine is pleased to learn that the Isle of Man ... boomed as a summer resort, and if it is a fact that ...as offered to compose pamphlets on the subject?

* * *

...the extra joint, which a famous doctor has discovered ...the backs of Eskimos, is situated in the region of the ...l shoulder?

* * *

...daughter of the great financier hasn't ...g tennis *very* regularly with the young Naval ... Cannes, and if the Duke of Westminster, who first ... pair, isn't very much amused at the romantic ...ete taking?

* * *

...he name of the ...ly smart Brook Street hostess ... has been seen ...oral times lately wearing real blue ... and where she obtains the blooms?

* * *

...f we are likely to hear of the engagement of Miss Phyllis ...son-Terry at no very distant date?

* * *

...he identity of the pretty kinema actress who was so ...ently "realistic" in a certain forest love scene, and if ... succeeded in making the other girl as jealous as she ...ed?

* * *

...f the new book, called "A Whisper," is likely to make ...oise in the literary world?

* * *

...the Olympia Zoo hasn't started a regular craze for all ...ner of wild animals as pets, and if the lady who has ...ght a penguin and a tank of young crocodiles really ...nds to keep them in her flat at Cricklewood?

* * *

...f Dr. Ethel Smyth, the suffragist, is at Cairo writing ...pera?

* * *

...ow the artist's model managed to swallow a glass of ...entine in mistake for liquor while entertaining the young ...er in the other fellow's studio? And if it was not very ...ward when the gentleman in question was obliged to ...in a doctor?

* * *

...the matron of a certain London maternity hospital ...es large sums of money by smuggling infants born on ... premises to the homes of well-to-do childless women, ... if the real mothers are then informed that their babies ...e died?

* * *

...the witness at the Oldham County Court who declared ...he "saw the accident before it happened" isn't blessed ...exceptionally good eyesight?

* * *

...e name of the popular lady novelist with a *penchant* ... Orientalism, who has just had a green marble basin, ...d with gold-fish, and embellished with floating lotus ... sunk into the floor of her Japanese sleeping apart-

* * *

...ame of the recently married Gaiety actress who is ...g to take up flying as a hobby, and if she is at present ...ly inventing an ingenious apparatus—something after ... of a diver's helmet—for the protection of the ... face from cold winds?

* * *

...the commercial traveller who takes his pretty daugh... with him to "show off" his goods to their best ...ntage, deals in underclothing?

* * *

...ho is the lady at Bayswater who has just gone into ...rnings, and cancelled all social engagements on account ...e death of her blue Persian cat?

* * *

...the police would not do well to turn their attention ...what goes on at a certain so-called "hotel" in a nar... street turning out of the Strand, and why so many ...ured men, negroes, Indians, Japanese, etc., are in the ...it of congregating there between the hours of 11 and 12 ...ight?

* *

...r. George Grossmith was so annoyed over the ... which stated that he had acted as best man at the ... of Lord Dangan and Miss May Picard?

The name of the Society lady who is so inordinately proud of her long golden hair? If her maid has to spend one whole hour each evening brushing it, and if she then has to collect and *count* each hair that has come out?

* * *

If Prince Henry of Prussia is busy learning how to manipulate a kinematograph camera, and if he intends to make his own film records of the approaching trip to South America?

* * *

Is it altogether a compliment to their readers that several of the Tory newspapers are running educational schemes just now?

* * *

The *Athenæum* says that Whitman is the one true, original, and serious writer that the United States have produced in a century and a half. But what of Mr. Dooley and Teddy, not to mention Dr. Cook?

* * *

What is the romance that the opening day at the Royal Academy is likely to spring upon us? Will the portrait that the artist has painted from memory of his one-time lady-love act as a bond of conciliation between them? Or will she be indignant at his presumptuousness in placing her in such an unusual pose?

* * *

Who is the foreign nobleman who for the past three months has been sending his secretary round to several art dealers with some of his choicest specimens in the way of early watches and rare glass-work? Isn't he obtaining a much better price for his collection now that he is forced to split it up than he would have done had the whole been sold *en bloc*, or by public auction? What percentage of the profits does the secretary receive for "telling the tale" so well?

* * *

Can anyone explain why a famous professor of English Literature spits when he hears the name of a high Church dignitary mentioned?

OCCUPATIONS FOR THE FAIR SEX.
(As suggested by modern feminine encroachments.)
No. 5.—THE FIREGIRL.

TABLOID TOPICS.

Bedroom scenes are the theatrical craze at the moment. Even some of the quilts are crazy?

* * *

The leading lady at the St. James's Theatre enjoys the distinction of being the Hedman also.

* * *

We read that Pullman was twenty-eight when he started raising buildings in America. We suppose he started razing them when he was in his nursery.

* * *

"Woman at the Wheel" is a heading adopted by a contemporary. The "brute" of our staff declares that it should be "Woman at the Woe." Whoa!

* * *

The Opposition Press refers to the National Insurance scheme as "a broken-down Act." Does it follow that Mr. Lloyd George is a broken-down actor.

* * *

We read that the Tsar and his family are now numbered amongst temperance reformers. No doubt the little Tsardines belong to a Piscatorial Lodge.

* * *

The "Human Political Party" is engineered by women, and is not dominated by whips. This being so, Marie Lloyd is ineligible. She must stick to her comic thongs.

* * *

The congregation of a New Jersey church keep time to the organ by rhythmical flashes emitted from the instrument. It would seem to follow that the voices are of a light quality.

* * *

Sir William Lever yearns for Hindu labour on his palm-oil plantations in order that he may supply sufficient soap. The powers that be regard the palm-oil plaint as one that won't wash.

* * *

In the Krupp bribery trial we read that Herr Pfeiffer, a War Office clerk, who was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, was acquitted. Someone bet us a "pfeiffer" that he would be.

* * *

"A woman's hat is her most susceptible point," says Lord Newton. A woman's hat is her most penetrative point, is the opinion of the man who has been jabbed in the eye by a hatpin.

* * *

Free fights were the disorder of the night at the Memorial Hall, when Mr. Ramsay Macdonald rose to address the meeting. There was no charge for entrance, but many charges were made for exit.

* * *

A Perth man and a Devonshire lass have been married in a good old style at Gretna Green: What nonsense! Where were the posthorses and postilions? In this taxi-cabage Gretna Greens have gone to pot.

* * *

The Duchess of Marlborough has a fascinating French way of rolling her "r's," when speaking, says a contemporary. All the French fascinators of our acquaintance have been attractive adepts at rolling their "i's."

* * *

Rich young men marry chorus girls because they are ornamental, says Mr. W. M. Keatinge, Reader in Education at Oxford and incidentally a believer in Eugenics. Well, they are usually ornaments, if not always articles of vertu.

* * *

A woman complained to the Tottenham magistrate that her husband had been silent for five weeks. Hence there was a He-mute. His worship said he was powerless. Try him with a long bill for dress, madam. Then you will hear him cackle.

* * *

Miss Barbara Wylie (Suffragette): "If the men of to-day had the spirit of their forefathers, they would assemble in their hundreds and flog the Ministers round Parliament Square." True, especially if they were under the influence of the spirit.

* * *

A New York woman filed an application for divorce against her husband and based her claims on a formidable list of delinquencies. Among other offences he had dislocated her "floating rib." As a consquence they did not get on together swimmingly.

We read that two Bacup constables measure thirte... between them. Bacup against the wall?

* * *

"A Tooting Fortune" (*Evening News* heading). O... those fortunes you have to whistle for, we suppose.

* * *

Some people say of a certain Cabinet Mini... will go far; others affirm that he is far gone a...

* * *

You can usually get a whole lot of "coppers" ... £20,000 which the strike has cost Dublin for extra poli...

* * *

Councillor Fowler says that gas is the lazy woman's f... Not only the lazy woman's, for they all know how to t...

* * *

A headline runs: "Earle and his Soul-Mates." Wh... be frank about it and head the article "The Ear... (Girl) × *x*"?

* * *

A Chicago husband has been fined £5 for ... wife at an inconvenient moment. Was she in ... trying on a new hat?

* * *

The latest fashion in Paris is boots possessing h... and a half inches in height. The heels will ma... woman wearing them a little liar.

* * *

Sir George Alexander is playing the part of a ... wears "baggy" trousers. He is called Panton... a side allusion to his nether garments.

* * *

The new novel entitled "The White Gate" shou... tainly not remain closed. We hope it isn't a ... one, or likely to be barred by the library censor.

* * *

At Nettlebed (a place suggestive of rash "ragging") ... are being taught the "noble art" by an ex-Army instr... The job seems made for Blake, who should be good ... bandbox.

* * *

The name "Pankhurst," according to some diligent in... gator, is a corruption of the word "Pentecost." ... "c... tion" it certainly is, and we can also see where the "... comes in.

* * *

"Smoking," says Mr. R. P. Moncrieff, "injure... brain, teeth, lungs and blood, and causes, among ... things, amblyopia, cancer and lunacy." What about ... maid's knee?

* * *

Mrs. Mosscockle is one of the leading lights of the ... Club. Is it possible that she affects the verse of ... Kayyam, because the name carries with it a sug... the musselman?

* * *

Mr. William Archer asks if it is quite certain that ... poetry is the best introduction to modern English ... We don't know, but Hebrew money is certainly the ... introduction to modern English society.

* * *

Mr. Alfred Noyes has been appointed Visiting Pro... of English Literature at Princetown University (U.S.A.... England always makes bad exchanges. It seems that ... lose one Noyes only to be presented with nine others.

* * *

Villa's chief, General Carranza, is reported to be in ... condition of pique against Great Britain. She has ... diplomatic standing in Mexico, he asserts. Having ... standing, Great Britain must find a way of sitting up...

* * *

In the way of determination not to die the cat has ... strong rival in a dog which, having been hanged, beheaded ... and then bludgeoned to further death, was found subsequently sitting up with the rope round its neck. Foolishly ... the magistrates thought they made the executioner ... up" by fining him ten shillings.

* * *

A voice from the *Star*: "A fire broke out at Belle... Road Baptist Church, Southend, to-day. It was seriously ... damaged." We are pleased to see that the *Star* has called ... attention to this evil. We have ourselves noticed of late ... that our officious firemen have drifted into the habit of ... damaging even the most respectable and promising of fires.

MY LADY NICOTINE.

this week. It relates that worth has just died at Baden. until his death. Fifteen widow offered him marriage, bles to die with him." We can must have been greatly tive. We are pleased, how- marry the "wodiw" as the might have been very disappoint- graphical error in the last line? oubles."

n Queen's Gate Terrace be by eligible bachelors if it inveterate match-maker?

Was not the young man, paying court to the fascinating widow, surprised at the flow of language from her ruby lips when her Persian cat jumped on her lap during tea-time and upset her tea down her cinnamon crêpe de Chine gown? By his expression was he lost in admiration, or thinking better of it?

* * *

Was it kind of the biographer in writing the life of one of the world's greatest artists to say that "in his young days he devoted himself entirely to black and white." We also are devoted to Buchanan, but we don't like the sound of "entirely."

* * *

"Even a worm will turn." "Yes, but not if you tread on it sufficiently hard."

IN STAGELAND.

It is my opinion that the small measure of success generally noticed to be attendant upon plays dealing with the romantic history of a mythical but gorgeously uniformed Balkan State may be attributed to the number of sketches —some good, but most very bad indeed—to be seen nowadays all over the music-hall system. "The Queen's Champion" at the Aldwych, which has failed to attract, is pre-eminently of this type; so, in spite of a good cast, including Mr. James Carew, it will give way to a revival of G. R. Sims's virile and popular drama "The Ever-Open Door," on Monday.

* * *

The *Daily Mirror*, in trivial mood, has been congratulating Miss Sari Petrass, Mr. Geo. Edwardes's beautiful Hungarian, of "The Marriage Market," at Daly's, upon her assimilation of British habits. Says she: "This morning I have to my breakfast headache and skipper"—which was the best she could do at the moment for haddock and kipper. This comment incites me to give you a little reminiscence of Mlle. Lydia Kyasht, who is quite the most charming and unexpected murderer of the King's English. It was shortly after her production of the successful ballet, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at the Empire, that she accompanied me one Sunday evening to a performance legitimately Shakespearian of the bard's pastoral classic at the Arts Centre. On the occasion of an uncalled for "black out" (the inconsiderate stage hands of the Arts Centre are always prepared for a little extempore jape of this sort at any production's expense) she enquired: "What for gloomy?" and later, in describing her struggles against her friends' desire to make her take to billiards, she plaintively explained: "Sometimes the ball is conveyed right on the edge of the purse, and even then—no good!"

* *

Mr. Alfred de Manby (of "The Girl from Utah," Adelphi), might solve the problem of his burglars in this manner.

If any of my sympathetic (and necessarily experimental) readers would like an odd burglar or so as a member of his office or household staff will he just walk right up here, to 20-21, Essex Street, Strand, and allow me the privilege of introducing him to my friend De Manby, who is playing "Lord Amersham" to crowded houses at the Adelphi's fine "Girl From Utah" show. (I do wish, by the way, that the already excellent musical standard of this production might be still further improved by the addition of an additional number or so by this brilliant baritone.) He has been making substantial presents and interesting himself generally in two gentlemen of the craft who are yet quite young enough to reclaim and informs me that I am very hard-hearted because I had to turn down one I had myself taken on on account of his little list of two convictions proving shortly one hundred per cent. He had enjoyed two other long holidays, which he had forgotten to mention. The youth is desperately anxious to get a clear start, however, and I will be pleased to put anyone in touch.

* * *

De Manby won the "Geo. Edwardes" golf handicap he was round in 86 last week, and is very popular in the clubs he uses. I am simply burning to help cultivate that love and regard so, pictorially speaking, may I suggest ——?

Mr. Matheson Lang, the immaculate and handsome who is so largely responsible for the deep interest attraction of Mr. Meyer's production at the Strand sterling characterisation of the repulsive Chinese "Mr. Wu," is yet another who is generously taking tical interest in Miss Rosina Filippi's "People's scheme. He has provided, entirely free of c scenery and dresses for the first three plays to be full particulars of which are set forth in another The notion, still existing in some quarters, that some are not being fully paid for all their service rehearsals) is utterly erroneous.

* * *

Robert Hale contrives to talk loudly and for about seven minutes in his study of Geo. His int the tango tea scene at the Alhambra. uncommonly true to Graves's method at its new "Railway Boss" scena he gives a fe pression of the new American manager o made me just a little sorry for poor Mr.

* *

I was present as "Sleeping Beauty's" s from the Drury Lane stage for at l of years, as no reproduction will be possible period, if at all, as its present record run, and right up to the last inch, had just about reached duction as far as it could go.

Peculiar how, when everything is a clockwork precision approaching fea Drury Lane staff, one may notice the is created "behind" during the manipulation nificent set to follow the act being played at t Quite one of the best unconsciously humorous got well home was when little Renée Mayer, up disadvantage, positively shouted by way of Florence Smithson with her cue, "Listen! footsteps." The audience were convulsed, seats to my left was Mr. Charles Gulliver, who was enjoying a little relaxation and relief from of boxing contests and command performa if he would have been so easy in his mind aware that almost at that moment one of th unpleasant female personalities we are all too was taking the unpardonably gross liberty of his audience from a box at the Palladium on of the Johannesburg strikes.

THE REWARD OF VIRTUE.

[illegible] meeting the Honourable Aubrey [illegible] years ago was that it was well for [illegible] did not constitute his fortune. Not that [illegible] unpleasant. On the contrary. But it is so full [illegible]-hness that one shudders to think of him [illegible] with this wicked world; although when he [illegible] stolidly but with a rhythmical precision swallow- [illegible]ies and sodas at the club, the pure gold of one's [illegible]loyed with the base metal of respect. In other [illegible]ey is not such a fool as he looks; which is [illegible]cky thing for Aubrey.

[illegible]dest son of the Earl of Balquhosh, and is [illegible] course, heir to vast estates and a large fortune. [illegible]tance; combined with the aforementioned naive [illegible] has helped to make him figure in some breach [illegible] than are good for a young man of his age. [illegible]lot to be his close friend; consequently [illegible]pathetic ear that he pours the dirges of [illegible]ther day he looked pale and worn when [illegible] in the club smoking-room.

[illegible]ss, Aubrey?" I asked.

[illegible] than ever this time; it's horrible. By jove, [illegible] in the soup at last, old man.—Two coffees, [illegible] brandies, and cigarettes.—I'll tell you all [illegible]

[illegible] grey matter is compensated for in some degree [illegible]fluity of sympathy, and when one of his acquaint- [illegible]rthur Drawbridge, told him he was in a hole [illegible] [illegible]e to lay bare his heart, putting it rather [illegible]. He said, "Get it off your bally

[illegible] Arthur had succumbed to the charms of [illegible] young lady who appeared slightly at The [illegible] and evinced affinity to and at the young [illegible]. After he had supped with her about [illegible] almost the same number of letters, [illegible] her of his passionate affection and swore [illegible]t had suddenly come home to him that [illegible] love that burns eternal in the human breast. [illegible]ave told her so, but for the pain he knew the [illegible]icitors' letters would give his mamma.

[illegible] to Aubrey in a hopeless tone, when he had [illegible]u suggest anything?"

[illegible] as thoughtful as he was able to; and [illegible] his fingers together.

[illegible]prove unfaithfulness?" he asked.

[illegible]ass!" said Arthur.

[illegible]lly mean it, y'know. Has no one else taken [illegible]per, or anythin' like that?"

[illegible] know of. Why?"

[illegible] is: get someone to do it. Get someone to [illegible]n her over, an' transfer her bally affec- [illegible], see? Then you speak to her, more [illegible]ger, y'know—say your heart is broken, [illegible] is known—all is discovered. You have [illegible]ilanderin', an' she has destroyed for [illegible] female sex. Sadly aware that she no [illegible]" will give her her freedom—with [illegible] Control your bally emotion, y'know, but [illegible] at the last verse. What?"

[illegible]my dear chap," said Arthur, full of a patronising [illegible]ou don't understand. She loves me. She told [illegible]

[illegible]e she would," said Aubrey. "But that's rot. [illegible], if anybody manœuvred round her with a little [illegible]d a necklace or two she'd chuck you in a week."

[illegible]re talkin' bosh," said Arthur, warmly. "I [illegible] she'd prefer before me. She told me she [illegible] you, old chap, she loves me. No one could [illegible]huck me over."

[illegible]said the Honourable Aubrey Harrington, equally [illegible]'d do it my bally self!"

[illegible]l Arthur. "Don't be silly," he added, [illegible] implied that for Lucie to fall in love with [illegible]d been in love with Arthur would be for [illegible]m the sublime to the ridiculous.

[illegible]ite agreeable to my tryin', old son?" asked [illegible]

[illegible]ite. Quite," smiled Arthur. "In fact, you'd [illegible]e a jolly good turn, for which I'd never be able [illegible]ou enough, an' all that; but it's hopeless. Oh, [illegible]lly.

[illegible] old Aubrey.

Accordingly, in less than a week he had been introduced by a mutual friend to the divine Lucie as Mr. Aubrey Harris. He exercised all his charms for some time to no avail; and then, perforce, he had to make his charms more substantial. After this he made more headway, and his invitation to supper one night was not refused.

He reported his prowess to Arthur.

"What d'you think now, old man? I had Miss Balfour at the Savoy last night an' she told me she liked me better'n any fellow she knew. She said I had awf'lly wicked eyes!"

Arthur flared up. "If she did say that she's been pullin' your leg. As a matter o' fact, Aubrey, I won't believe anythin' she tells you unless I see it in black an' white."

"D'you think me a beastly liar, then?" cried Aubrey, angrily.

"No—not exactly. But she'll say things to please you that she doesn't really mean."

"Goo' lor, I b'lieve you're jealous. I don't think she likes you a little bit. You seem to think she's gone on you."

"Jealous? Jealous of you? Heaven forbid! But I'll bet you a pony you don't get Lucie to write you sayin' she loves you as she's written to me."

"Done!" said Aubrey.

As he explained, prior to this little conversation he had been only luke-warm. But when there was a wager of twenty-five pounds attached Aubrey warmed to his task wonderfully, and devoted himself to paying court to Miss Balfour with more assiduity than ever.

"I started writin'—er—poetry," he owned, his face crimson. "An' I got one published in *The Pantheon*, signed 'A.H.'"

I was surprised, as I had never deemed Aubrey one who aspired to a seat on Parnassus; but on cross-examination I learned that he had invited the editor to dine with him, so that he had got his poem printed at practically advertisement rates.

Then, when he thought the time was ripe, he wrote her from the club, and, so that she should not think it strange that he should ask in a letter a question which could more fitly be asked in person, he explained that he was feeling seedy.

"Do you love me?" he wrote; and in time he received an answer addressed to Aubrey Harris, Esquire, which naively asked: "Do you?"

Instantly Aubrey penned a fervent epistle, telling her that he did; and was overjoyed when he received a note acknowledging in tones of maidenly modesty that his love was reciprocated.

He exhibited the note in triumph to Mr. Arthur Drawbridge, and claimed his bet. . .

"An' what do you think?" said Aubrey. "He got fearf'lly wild—accused me of behavin' like a cad. Said I stole his love away, an' he didn't want to see me again. After all I'd done for the beggar, too. But he paid up all right."

As a slight salve to his conscience Aubrey had intended to expend the twenty-five pounds on a farewell present to Miss Lucie Balfour, when:

"I got this blank thing," he said, savagely, and he pulled from his pocket an envelope addressed to the Honourable Aubrey Harrington. The latter ran:

"Dearest Aubrey,—You must come down and see me to-night. I've something I'd like to tell you. I've been reading over your sweet poems and letters to-day, and I am so happy that you love me so. Do you know, Aubrey, I thought at first your name was Harris. Funny, wasn't it? Do come round to-night, dear.—Yours, with love, Lucie."

"P.S.—I was up at my solicitors' this morning, and whom do you think I should meet but Daisy?" (Daisy was one of Aubrey's plaintiffs.) "Funny that we should both have the same lawyers, isn't it? Lots of love."

For a time the Honourable Aubrey Harrington stared at her cigarette. Then he observed, moodily:

"Of course, I had to go. The pater had warned me to keep out of the papers." He gritted his teeth. "It cost me a thousand to settle—blank it!"

"But I wonder how on earth she got to know my real name?" he muttered at last.

But I didn't, and don't. The foregoing anecdote had elucidated a problem that had been puzzling me somewhat. For some time I had been exceedingly curious as to where Arthur Drawbridge had acquired all the money that of late he had been throwing so lavishly away. Now I knew.

ERIC DE BANZIE.

GROWLS OF THE GREAT.

There is nothing that a real Englishman loves so much as the opportunity of heaving at an aggravating world a long, full-bodied, and all-embracing grumble. The grumble is the Englishman's right; it is the anti-toxin to worry, and, stimulated by its influence, trouble becomes autophagous. If the French had been taught the art of the intermittent grumble there would have been no French Revolution. We are a nation of grumblers, and that is why we are so contented and self-satisfied, and never, never shall be slaves. We must exercise our periodic grumble upon someone, which fact accounts for the scarcity of bachelors in this happy land. Other nationalities nurse their slights and irritations in secret, brood over them, allow them to grow to a full-sized serpent, until they are suddenly sent wild by full charge of venom, and rush abroad "berserk"; the Red Indian on his scalping expedition, the Russian to his Jew-baiting, and the German on his sabre-slashing holiday in Alsace-Lorraine.

The *Star*, that shining light in journalism, a light that never twinkles, but shines steadily morning, noon, and night, from its first or "4th" edition until its "7.30" edition, which miraculously appears at 6 p.m., has once again come to the rescue of a vexed people. Grumbles and growls have slackened of late, and the "Star," fearful that the safety-valve of the English nation might become clogged, and that all evil feelings might get pent up and ultimately lead to a cataclysmic eruption, has tactfully provided a vent for every Englishman's just murmurings, by offering from two to three columns every day, which are devoted solely to the airing of the big and little grumbles of its readers. We realise the wisdom of this step, and fully acknowledging the "Star" as our source of inspiration, we announce our intention henceforth of following the example set by our esteemed contemporary in this most important matter. We intimated something of the sort last week, and have already received several thousands of grumbles drawn from every quarter of the British Isles. Below we print a few specimen growls:—

A BAREFACED SHAME.

I think that the way I was treated last week was simply disgusting. I am still very much cut up over the whole business, and the custodians here—I must do them credit—seem rather worried also, and somewhat ashamed, for none of them dares to look me in the face. But it is of their conduct I wish to complain. They used to come every now and then and gloat over me, making me blush all over, but directly they were really needed there was no sign of them. I saw that horrid woman coming along with the chopper, in my mirror, but of course couldn't jump down as I was to stop her. What I would suggest, as a plan to prevent the occurrence of another similar indignity, is that the National Gallery be carried on in future something on the lines of a Turkish bath. People upon entering should be conducted to a disrobing room, and should leave it "in the altogether" so that they could have no weapons concealed on their person, and should then be handcuffed and shown round the galleries, guarded by warders. As an additional precaution I would suggest that a patent fire-arm device be attached to my frame, which would ensure that directly a person touched any part of me, the revolvers surrounding my frame would automatically do their duty.

VÉNUS (ROKEBY), NATIONAL GALLERY.

LABELS FOR LORDS.

Why should Lord Stanton Hopes and Crown Princes of Wurtemberg be allowed to go around saying that they are when they really aren't. I took them up for a free flight because they said they were, but they weren't, which shows that even lords and crown princes are not always given to telling the whole truth. Besides, I got into trouble with my trade union for working for nothing. If I had only known of the imposition when I had them up alone in the airy heights, I would have ——, but there, wait till next time and then you'll see. I would like to see a rule enforced, compelling lords and crown princes to wear a card or a label, so that one could distinguish them from the false brand, because I like real lords and crown princes and don't mind giving them a free lift.

GREY AND WHITE (WITHANGER), HENDON.

TROUBLESOME WOMEN.

Why is it that so many women are hankering for of my face and manly figure just now? Altho- tain extent it is gratifying to be adored by the yet this female worship has been carried to such that it has become a positive nuisance. Only last horde of women sat upon my doorstep clamouring kind word from me, and there they sat for four da I was confined indoors playing the games of "patter "tiddley-winks" under the plea of illness. Mr. McKenna has been boasting that he is every popular with the women, and if this be true I the charm down to the fascination of the unknow not you suggest a likely wife for me, so that I c from this threatening and embarrassing situation.

EDWARD C

AN UNHEALTHY VILLA.

Why can't people leave me in peace and let work in my own way. The killing of a few E all comes in the day's work, and the few pleas practised upon them before death were only done the troops in a good humour. And everyone k it is a custom of the country—that is, abo in matters here. If any wrong has been take my word for it that it is the work of C his very name suggests evil deeds. By the way would correct the report that my present name down form of my real one; my old name did "in." I would like to suggest that your English should treat me with a little consideration, and the deserve.

VILLA (Ma

Who is the lady who instigated the representa Roman Saturnalia at a private flat in Maida week? Wasn't it a little more than a revel, and the photographer feel? Wouldn't the hostess be vised to destroy the prints even as she destroyed tive depicting a very glowing moment of a very evening?

ROYAL VICTORIA HALL
Waterloo Road, S.E.

THE
People's Theatre
(Under the direction of Miss Rosina Filippi)
COMMENCING
EASTER MONDAY, APRIL 13th
On Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and S
FOR FOUR WEEKS.

PROGRAMME FOR FIRST W

Easter Monday, April 13th,
"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"

Friday, April 17th,
"ROMEO & JULIET",

Saturday, April 18th,
"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDA

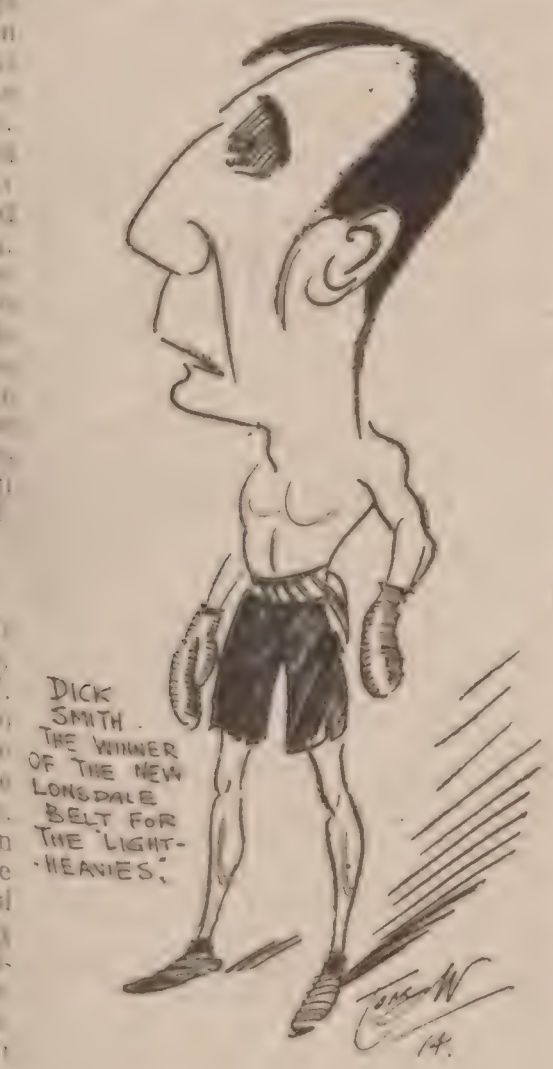
General Manager . . Gilbert C

MODERN SPORT FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

The tour of the M.C.C. in South Africa has ended. The visit to Rhodesia the Western Province had to be left and the Colonials needing 331 runs to avert defeat ... wickets to fall. From an English point of ... duty have been in every way successful. The ... performed with far more success than any other ... to the land of labour troubles. Not once have they ... defeat in the Test matches, and with four victories ... won the rubber for the first time in South Africa. ... the "Test" seventeen matches were played, ... of which ... won, eight ended in draws, and only ...—during the tour.

DOUGLAS'S SUCCESS AS CAPTAIN—

When the team was selected there were many who said ... it was not the right one for the matting wickets. ... Douglas, said these critics, had lost all his form, and ought ... to have been chosen; Barnes would not prove deadly ... The form shown by both has not only silenced ... critics, but has brought forth praise from all hands. ... has been the most pleasant surprise of the lot, ... for Barnes and Hobbs. After the splendid ... which he captained the last team which toured ... when Warner was stricken with illness—and ... brought back the mythical ashes, the way he has managed ... present side is not surprising. But both his batting ... have been astonishing. Barnes has again ... the best bowler in the world. There never ... on that point from the first match played. ..., was expected to do well. No one ever ... of the Surrey crack. He has even added ..., and the South African bowlers have prob- ... ered that he is the hardest man in the world to ... once he has got his eye in. Rhodes and the Hon. ... Tennyson have not quite realised expectations. The ... has done well, but not so well as we all imagined he ... After the great batting feats Tennyson put up on ... Hampshire ...



... been infinitely better. The one ... sustained was due to Taylor, for he ... century in one innings and 91 in the other, and ... managed the bowling to such good purpose that the ... Englishmen failed.

MORE ABOUT WELLS AND BLAKE.

It is impossible to get away from the Blake and Wells boxing match, and one has to go right back to the Smith and Kilrain battle in the 'eighties, to meet with its parallel in diversity of opinion. No matter what he does Wells seems fated to be in the wrong. If he boxes his man and wins as he did with O'Keefe, Porky Flynn, Storbeck, and others, he is wrong. If he plays the other game and mixes it with his opponent he is hopeless.

Now Wells's fight with Carpentier is one that can be left out of the count. He didn't fight and he didn't box. Against Rawles and Pigot he boxed and won easily, and they said "Yes, when he will box he is all right. When his opponent will let him box he is sure to win, but if his opponent is strong enough and quick enough to make him fight he is all at sea."

Now Blake was strong enough and quick enough to make Wells fight, and Wells went into the scramble quite determined to show that he too could do it if he wanted. Blake punched him about the body and head hard enough and often enough to have made Wells quit if he had felt like it; and Wells has probably never taken so much punishment in any half-dozen fights as he took from Blake.

But he was always giving a bit more than he received, and was always fair, although Blake frequently used the butt of his glove, and once his head on Wells's right eye—no doubt accidentally, the latter—and wrestled, and held, and hit, and pushed for all he was worth, but all without effect. Wells certainly weakened, but Blake was finished at the end of two rounds, and thenceforward it was only a question of time.

Neither Blake nor Wells has had the full credit for a very fine fight. We are told that Wells showed himself the fighter without any boxing ability, and that Blake was the raw, uncultured middle-weight, who never ought to have been matched with the champion. We are told that Wells is sure to lose his next fight with Jim Coffey, at the National, for the belt, that he is on the down grade, and never has, and never will be a champion. That's how we encourage our men to become world's champions.

WEIRD YARNS BEFORE THE FIGHT.

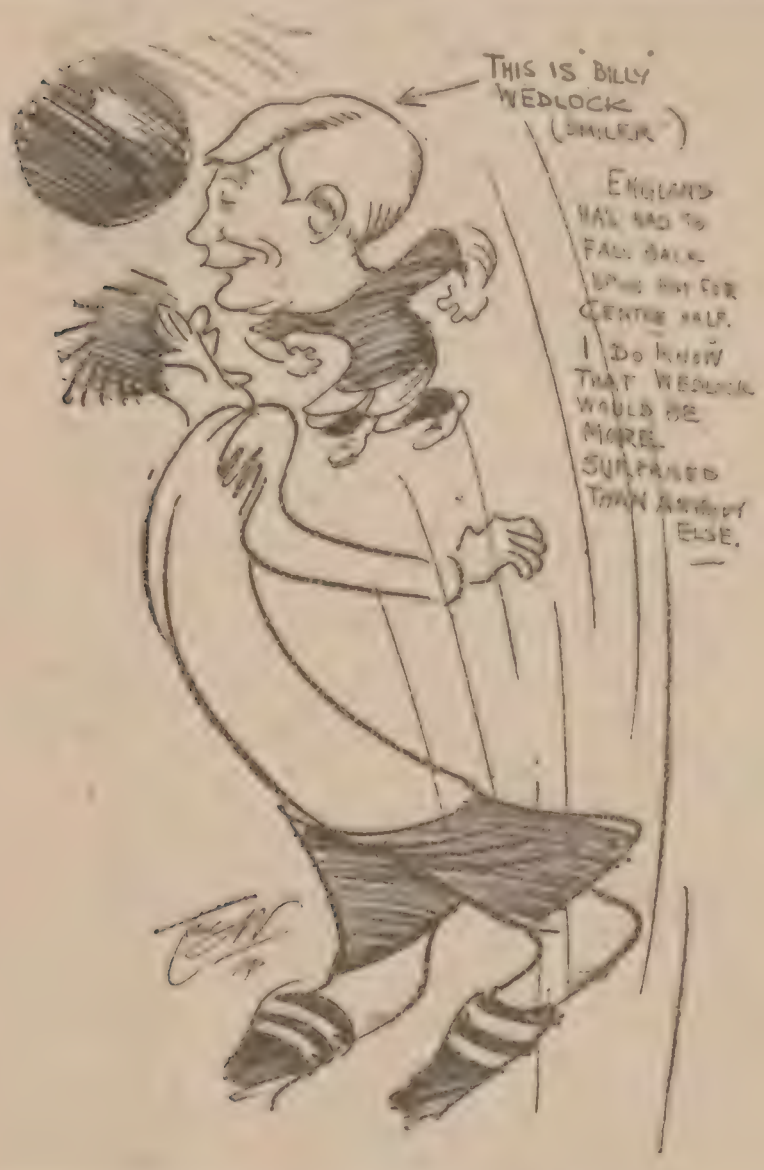
On the day before the Blake-Wells battle the stories that gained currency in London about Wells were ludicrous. Mr. Jim Maloney was alleged to be in tears because Wells had broken training and was on the riot; he had been served with all sorts of law papers; he had three broken bones in his right hand; and he did not intend to put in an appearance. I strongly suspect that these yarns were put into circulation by a clever division to affect the market, but they did not become public, and Wells was a 6 to 4 on favourite all the time. But they were particularly cruel stories for a man of Wells's temperament to hear, but, wise man, he went away on the Saturday morning and his whereabouts were not known to the great majority of people, even his own connections. As a matter of fact Wells, his training finished, went down to stay for the week-end with that genial sportsman, Mr. Harry Preston, at the Royal York Hotel, Brighton, and so the bombshells missed fire.

Blake will win the middle-weight belt if he wants to, but there is no love lost between his management and the National Sporting Club. He wanted a belt, so Messrs. Burge and Sullivan presented him with the old Mace belt. Now they are seeing reason, and his next fight will be with Gus Platts, of Sheffield, next month, and then he will probably challenge O'Keefe. And Blake is sure to make good. Dick Burge is not a fool when he picks up a boxer. He rather over-estimated Blake perhaps, and considerably under-estimated Wells.

OTHER BOXING NEWS.

Comes the news that Wells's next opponent, big Jim Coffey, the Irish giant, has been beaten on points by Battling Levinsky, in America, which does not augur well for his chances against the Englishman.

Another interesting boxing item is that Ledoux, the European bantam-weight champion, and Johnny Hughes, will clash at Cardiff, on Easter Monday, under the auspices of Mr. Billy Ames. Ledoux has twice beaten Bill Beynon at the American rink, in the Welsh city, but he will find Johnny Hughes a different man to tackle. They have all been fighting shy of Hughes.


THIS IS BILLY WEDLOCK (SMILER)
ENGLAND HAS HAD TO FALL BACK UPON HIM FOR CENTRE HALF.
I DO KNOW THAT WEDLOCK WOULD BE MORE SURPRISED THAN ANYBODY ELSE.

Dick Smith and Mr. J. B. Angle reversed the previous decision at the National Sporting Club, when the ex-amateur champion met Denis Haugh for the Lonsdale light-heavy weight belt. Smith was a very easy winner on points, but it struck me that he hardly liked his job against the enthusiastic Tipperary man, who seems to fight for the sheer love of fighting. When he met a straight left—and he met dozens—he would set his teeth and rush in with a terrific right swing, which fortunately for Smith rarely reached its intended mark. Still, the ex-amateur was obviously worried in a good many of the rounds, and he was doubtless very relieved when the final gong sounded. Smith's victory has prompted him to fly at higher game, and he has issued a challenge to Georges Carpentier for the European championship. I hope the match will come off, for Smith would be an ideal opponent for the French champion. In the 20 rounds against Haugh he never once forgot that above all things he was a boxer, and his defence when the Irishman played for the body was brilliant. A story that Haugh broke his left forearm in the ninth round has gained currency. If he did he is a marvel of pluck.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The quarrel between the Ladies' Golf Union and the Ladies' Golf Alliance has ended in a way quite unexpected. The Golf Alliance has disbanded. It has been a bitter quarrel, and the Alliance has not been too loyally treated by certain of its members, hence the decision to [illegible]

Mr. Balfour is not worrying himself much about Home Rule troubles, and the [illegible] has been playing lawn tennis in the International tournament at Nice, during the week. In the doubles he has been partnered by A. F. Wilding, and in the mixed he is with Miss Lambert Chambers. What a schedule the late Leader of the Opposition would have been [illegible]

Oxford arrived on the Thames on Monday, and by any means please the riverside critics. But the crew has been chopped and changed they were expected to be in tip-top trim, and Mr. Harcourt Gold, when he comes on the scene next week, will probably [illegible] undoubtedly good material into shape.

Meanwhile the Cantabs, who arrived at Putney the week (after these notes were written) have impressed who have seen them at Marlow. On Tuesday they [illegible] the mile record for the course by 17secs., but the river was full of flood water, and was running in a terrific [illegible] it is not a true criterion. Still, Cambridge are [illegible] a very fast crew, and will probably be strong favourites for the boat race.

ATHLETICS.

The Polytechnic Harriers have done more than [illegible] for funds for the purpose of finding athletes, capable of representing England at the next Olympic Games. They have engaged a staff of professionals to attend [illegible] Stamford Bridge, and Herne Hill tracks, to [illegible] coach athletes wearing the Poly. badge. Mr. S. A. Rubini, who probably knows more about athletics than [illegible] out of ten of our A.A.A. officials, is honorary [illegible] and other well-known men who will act as advisers are Dr. Walter Newburn, and Messrs. Webster, and S. S. Abrahams. This should be a fillip to Polytechnic athletics, and if it is the success like being, other clubs will have to follow suit.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

Sunderland will not oppose Aston Villa in the Cup this season again. They were beaten at Burnley in a great struggle in their replayed match, and it is [illegible] like Burnley and the Villa playing in the last semi-final.

Scotland and Ireland meet at Belfast on Saturday, the distressful country have only to make a draw to win the "Soccer" championship for the first time in history of the game. Ireland have beaten Scotland, England, and Wales have drawn with Scotland, which makes it on paper form a good thing for Ireland. Outside Scotland, most people will wish for good luck to Ireland.

The Scots have strengthened their side a bit by the inclusion of such stalwarts as Charlie Thomson, Sunderland, at centre-half. Andrew Wilson, of Sheffield Wednesday, and J. Donnachie, of Oldham Athletic, [illegible] m the forward line, in addition to Donaldson, of Bury, who was the only Anglo-Scot in the match with England. So paper form may not work out. The Scottish clubs [illegible] find that they must come to English clubs for their international players. It is usually reserved for the match before the selectors begin to import players, but in respect it is a big compliment to Ireland.

The English selectors have got a bit panicky, and the side to oppose Wales at Cardiff next Monday has made wholesale changes. Hardy remains in goal, Crompton and Pennington, the backs, remain [illegible] drastic changes have been made at half, where Little Wedlock comes back to the centre-half position. The Bristol City man is playing as well as ever, and [illegible] on the injured list, perhaps he is the best man.

Brittleton, at right-half, is the selection of [illegible] but a real clever man, who will take a lot of [illegible] if not so fast as he was once upon a time. [illegible] West Bromwich Albion, at left-half, will make [illegible] tion, for he will be in front of his club's captain, Bar[illegible] ton.

THE CHIEL

FREE OFFER

This Rilette poster will be sent free to any smoker forwarding to address below a "De Reszke" box lid and 2d. in stamps (for postage and packing), mentioning picture No. 9. This picture is free of advertising matter, and is printed in colours on art paper in a size suitable for framing. Pictures published previously can also be obtained by sending a "De Reszke" box lid and 2d. in stamps for each picture required. Please mention picture No. when sending. No. 1, "Signing a Cheque." No. 2, "Punting." No. 3, "Motoring." No. 4 "At the Seaside." No. 5, "Canoeing." No. 6, "All that there is between them." No. 7, "A Christmas 'Eve.'" No. 8, "Puffs." To avoid delay, please quote Dept. No. clearly.

THE red "De Reszke" box. You can see it in leading tobacconists' windows everywhere. It contains the "De Reszke" *American*-Virginia Cigarette which is fast displacing other kinds in popular favour.

Hand from the best and most expensive leaf grown in U.S.A. *Get that fact firmly fixed in your mind.* It has the true flavour of ripe, well-matured, Old Belt Virginia—full but not strong, *mild* but not insipid.

... or forty a day—the "De Reszke" *American* has no effect on the throat. Doctors smoke them. The Institute of Hygiene vouches for their absolute purity.

... kinds—ONE Quality only—THE BEST.

Cairo (Ladies') - 5/3 per 100 2/8 per 50 1/4 per 25
Cairo (Large) - 6/3 per 100 3/4 per 50 1/9 per 25
Cairo (Extra large) 8/3 per 100 4/4 per 50 2/3 per 25
Cairo Size only - 5/3 per 100 2/8 per 50 1/4 per 25

...tained wherever good Cigarettes are sold, or post from J. MILLHOFF & CO., Ltd. (Dept. 30), ... Piccadilly, London, W.

IN South Africa—as in the United Kingdom—the "De Reszke" *Turkish* out-sells all the other high-class brands. Yet in this hot climate it is the only cigarette which does not have to be packed in tins.

Like the Cigarettes it contains, the box the "De Reszke" *Turkish* are packed in is the best that can be made. Unlike its many imitators, its gelatine covering renders it proof against damp, moisture, contamination. It is practically *air-tight*.

The wonderful qualities of the "De Reszke" *Turkish* are kept *inside* the box—none of the flavour is allowed to escape. So you see the box has something to do with the fact that "De Reszke" Cigarettes are supplied to the Royal Courts of Europe, and have become famous as the world's best brand.

TO THE TRADE.

Up till now the De Reszke American have been known only to a select coterie of smokers. We have never dared to make them a bold feature in our advertising owing to the impossibility of obtaining a sufficient supply of matured Old Belt Virginia Tobacco really fine enough to maintain the De Reszke reputation for magnificent quality. Now, however, we have been fortunate enough to secure an enormous quantity of Old Crop Virginia, sufficient to last us for several years, and we beg therefore to inform the trade generally that there is no longer any necessity to disappoint customers.

"DE RESZKE"

The Aristocrat of Cigarettes.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "AURIGA."

IT HAS BEEN A GLOOMY WEEK on the Stock Exchange, brightening up somewhat towards the end. The revolutionary outbreak in Brazil, together with the failure of three Brazilian Railways, the Sao Paulo and Goyaz, the Dourado, and the Araraguara, in which Paris is largely interested, helped things downwards; the poor support from the public, who subscribed only 22 per cent. of the Canadian Loan, had a very depressing effect, and the rush of heavy borrowing by the American Railways completed the demoralisation. The fall in Consols is, however, but small. Home rails felt the settlement pretty severely, and in view of the traffic decreases some doubt is being expressed as to whether last year's high revenues will be maintained.

* * *

THE REPORT OF THE INDIAN CURRENCY COMMISSION has been received, and is an interesting and valuable document. Its recommendations are in every way excellent and based on sound economics. The report is an endorsement of the system built up gradually on the experience of the past twenty years. The gold standard is secured without any active circulation of gold. No restrictions will be placed on the flow of gold, but in view of the fact that as fast as gold goes into India it is hoarded and buried by the natives, it would be to the detriment of international monetary conditions to have granted a mint for gold in India, and so arranged the active circulation of gold there which the extremists were demanding. Under the recommendations of the Commission, the Government will continue to give the people the money they want, and this will mean the increased use of silver in India. To have gold minted there would quickly upset the monetary equilibrium at home. We dig up gold in South Africa for circulation, not in order to have it buried again in India; and under the present conditions of an almost universal gold standard, far too much is hidden away in eastern countries by illiterate savers.

* * *

THE MEXICAN TROUBLE shows no improvement, and holders of shares who are getting out at the present stage will later on be glad that they cleared, even though it has meant some loss. Villa the Bandit is gaining ground, and so long as he increases his strength we shall see corresponding difficulty in obtaining any of the earnings from our numerous investments in Mexico. With Villa out of the way the situation would quickly settle down, but he is too well supported to fear either secret or open enemies. The United States manufacturers are sending arms to Villa as fast as they can turn them out. On the other hand, Spain is sending out 30,000 Mauser rifles, 10,000 carbines, and a proportionate amount of ammunition to Huerta. This means prolonging the civil war for an indefinite period. Spain distrusts the U.S. Government, and has despatched a Spanish warship to Mexican waters, fearing that America may use the revolutionary conditions as a pretext for annexation. There is a large amount of Spanish capital in Mexican banks. No wonder President Wilson is moving cautiously, in spite of the attempts of many newspapers, both British and American, to force the situation. In view of the strength of the contending parties and the bitterness between them, further considerable falls may be expected in Mexican securities. Sell now and buy again immediately on receipt of definite news that "General" Villa is dead.

* * *

HOME RAILWAYS, after being down, recovered, and the Heavies are being persistently supported by investment buyers. This is a good sign, and further public support is expected, as the Heavy stocks will look very low when quoted ex dividend, which will be by the time this is in print. In **AMERICANS** there were few improvements; even the considerably increased tonnage statement of the United States Steel Corporation, an increase of 412,000 tons in February over January, failed to stimulate interest. In fact, Americans are in an inanimate condition. New York Central dividend will be at the usual rate, and the Chesapeake president gives assurance that the road is earning 7 per cent. on the stock. All these points will tell favourably as soon as there is more business about.

RUBBER AND OILS.—There has been very li... ment in rubber shares, but the markets are, on the... firmer, and the auctions are going better than was ex... Rubber Trusts were active, and changed hands fre... to 13s. Linggis remained firm at 16s., and the c... the time being looks encouraging. In Oils, Nor... sian is strong at 39s.; Roumanian Consolidated is... 23s. on receipt of the news respecting the Mex... which is now down 2,411 feet. As all indications... important fountain, the mining authorities have... orders that to protect the village, the nearest p... which is some 350 feet from the well, the Compa... before testing, close in the lower part of the de... metically, and draw off gas by means of gas ... work is now in hand, and further news ... week.

* * *

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Darracq announ... the dividend on the Pref. Ord. shares for the ... ending March 31 will be paid on April 1, tog... the six months' arrears of dividend on the same... has created a great demand for the shares, ... changing hands at 31s. 6d. Readers who bought ... advice several weeks ago will now see a profit ... money. Straker Squires are another Company ... should be bought. The present price is 19s. 6d., ... appreciate considerably. The position of this ... is very strong, and the business in hand warra... expectations.

* * *

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE.—At the annual ... of the Prudential, held in London on Thursday, M... Dewey, the chairman, said the income in ... £16,567,609, an increase of £549,670 over the ... previous year. Assurances approximating to ... were issued, in respect to policies ranging fro... £20,000. In order to meet the enormous depr... the values of investment securities which took pla... they had increased the reserve fund to £2,750,000... increase in values since December 31 last was ... £1,000,000, and had already wiped out in many ... securities the whole of the depreciation that took ... 1913.

* * *

BRITANNIA ASSURANCE.—At the ... annual meeting, held at Birmingham, the chairm... F. T. Jefferson, said there was a record of continued ... in the various branches. There was an increase ... mulated funds of £258,000, and an increase ... income of the company of £42,000. The ... yearment amounted to £145,... it was seven years ago. Over ... claims were investigated and settled during ... brought up the total claims by the Company ... dation to the huge sum of £9,432,885.

* * *

NEW ISSUE.—The prospectus of the Ru... tion, Ltd., issued to-day, with an authorised ... £2,000,000, will offer for public subscription ... shares at £1 1s. per share. The Corporation ... formed with an exceptionally strong board of direc... dent in Russia and Great Britain, and will carry ... business of an investment and finance company ... connection with Russian securities. The Corpo... interest itself chiefly in Russian Government ... and Municipal Loans, and in the financing of rail... bour works, tramways, light and power, conces... public works of all kinds.

A B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EX...
(45th Edition, 1914).
Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained. ... Options. How to open an account with limited ri... to avoid Broker's Commissions. Cont... Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis
FARROW, GRAHAM & ...
84, PALL MALL, MANCHES...

THE LOVE-CURE.

"Love is an intoxication of the nervous centres," says Dr. F. Barrett, with all the esoteric preciosity of a man who is perfectly well aware that he is dealing with immensely weighty and cardinal matters. He further goes on to enlighten us that "the circulatory system may be seriously affected, especially if the patient is young and suffering from a first attack. If the disease is not speedily cured love may lead to neurasthenia and even insanity; also predisposes to tuberculosis. . . . It is high time," Dr. Barrett concludes, "that we thought of devising a purely medical treatment for love."

So far so good! And now for a clear and detailed precise of the exact "medical treatment" which the worthy doctor would recommend. The idea is interesting, if not altogether original, and we have no doubt whatever that all enterprising scientists, yearning for that particular brand of fame which will elevate them to the giddy level of Mr. Marconi and Mr. Edison, will not fail to profit by Dr. Barrett's valuable suggestion.

Let someone invent a really efficient "love-cure," and straightway the walls of Jericho will fall before him, the rose paths of everlasting greatness open out at his feet, a thousand doting mothers of romantically inclined daughters will mention him tenderly in their evening prayers, innumerable sires of sons who show too earnest a proclivity towards the oat-sowing industry will, metaphorically, wring their hands in gratitude. Now that the spring is upon us such an invention would be doubly welcome, for it is understood thing that maternal anxiety as to the amorous welfare of the adolescent increases alarmingly with the appearance of each fresh crocus in the back garden. Springtime, according to the poets (who are always very well informed upon such matters) is the precise psychological moment of the year when the errant fancy of young men—and of their pretty sisters, too, for that matter—develops a perfectly astounding inclination to stray off at a tangent from somebody else's front parlour.

Hence the seasonable invention of a "love-cure" capable for ever clipping the aspiring wings of romantic youth would be hailed with unadulterated delight. A magic after the style of the famous love potions of old (only, of course, acting in a precisely opposite way) would be commendable, though the same article put up into tablet who would probably be more convenient. "Mamma" would then carry them about with her in a hand-bag ready to pop into her daughter's tea-cup at the first intimation of danger.

The most serious drawback to the whole business would probably be encountered in the ungrateful attitude of the patients themselves. Can you, for example, imagine the young Lothario of the office-stool, bathed in the full glow of a newly inspired amorosity, giving any thought to the fact that he may possibly be wreaking upon his "circulatory system" or wasting so much as a single speculation upon the probable scientific causes of the exquisite palpitations which set his heart bounding wildly as he catches sight of the lady typist waiting for him beneath the intensely glowing lights of the Tottenham Court Road tube station punctually at 6 o'clock each evening? Or can you imagine the young "nut" who patronises the front row of the stalls at the Empire (ecstatically devouring the witch-like face and shapely limbs of the third-from-the-left-hand back-row chorus girl), cogitating upon the baneful possibilities of neurasthenia and insanity, or the more Spartan and less æsthetic complaint of tuberculosis? Picture to yourself the outraged susceptibilities of Mr. John Smith, of Suburbia, on hearing the "divine passion" which he entertains for Millicent Brown described as a "disease"! After all, why not? Dipsomania also predisposes to neurasthenia and insanity, and dipsomania is cured by means of drugs; therefore, why not the more illusive, but equally dangerous and appallingly infectious, malady of "love"?

The idea certainly has much to commend it, and a forthcoming undoubtedly awaits the ingenious chemist who stumbles upon the magic recipe. Like Beecham's pills, it will be sold worth it's guinea a box, and doubtless there are numbers of ambitious matrons and anxious progenitors—trembling under the fearful possibilities of musical-comedy daughters—who would be only too glad to make an extensive investment right now.

What do *you* think?

GLADYS EVELYNE.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, Limited.

Chief Office—HOLBORN BARS, LONDON.

Invested Funds exceed £86,000,000.

Summary of the Report presented at the Sixty-fifth Annual Meeting, held on 5th March, 1914.

ORDINARY BRANCH.—The number of policies issued during the year was **71,359,** assuring the sum of **£6,849,224** and producing a new annual premium income of **£425,717.** The premiums received during the year were **£4,920,518,** being an increase of **£93,525** over the year 1912. In addition, **£11,116** was received in premiums under the Sickness Insurance Tables. The claims of the year amounted to **£3,766,625.** The number of deaths was **8,699.** The number of endowment assurances matured was **23,437,** the premium income of which was **£131,017.**

The number of policies in force at the end of the year was **917,031.**

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH.—The premiums received during the year were **£7,874,456,** being an increase of **£31,394.** The increase shown would have been much greater but for the fact that, owing to our system of accounts, fifty-three weekly collections were credited in the report for the year 1912. The claims of the year amounted to **£3,139,193,** including **£359,572** bonus additions. The number of claims and surrenders, including **5,942** endowment assurances matured, was **366,104.** The number of free policies granted during the year to those policyholders of five years' standing and upwards, who desired to discontinue their payments, was **126,763,** the number in force being **1,890,406.** The number of free policies which became claims during the year was **45,546.**

The total number of policies in force in this branch at the end of the year was **19,778,135 :** their average duration exceeds twelve and three-quarter years.

The assets of the Company, in both branches, as shown in the balance-sheet, after deducting **£1,750,000** written off securities are **£86,993,003,** being an increase of **£2,421,071** over those of 1912.

The six Prudential Approved Societies formed under the National Insurance Act 1911 have done important work during the year and the membership continues to increase. Payment of sickness and maternity benefits commenced on January 13th, 1913, and during the year a sum of **£1,401,360** was distributed to members by the Company's Agents. It may be noted that in a Government Inter-Departmental Report recently presented to Parliament particular attention is drawn to the advantage of payment in cash by a representative of the Society. The report continues: "The fact that a personal visit accompanies the payment imposes some restraint on any temptation to claim benefit improperly. The risk of the benefit falling into wrong hands is reduced to a minimum. . . ."

In the Ordinary branch a reversionary bonus at the rate of **£1 16s.** per cent. on the original sums assured has again been added to all classes of participating policies issued since the year 1876.

In the Industrial branch a bonus addition will be made to the sums assured on all policies of over five years' duration, which become claims either by death or maturity of endowment, from the 6th of March, 1914, to the 4th of March, 1915, both dates inclusive, as follows:—

Premiums Paid For.	Bonus Addition to Sums Assured.
5 years and less than 10 years	£5 per cent.
10 " " " " 15 "	£10 "
15 " " " " 20 "	£15 "
20 " " " " 25 "	£20 "
25 " " " " 30 "	£25 "
30 " " " " 35 "	£30 "
35 " " " " 40 "	£35 "
40 " " " " 45 "	£40 "
45 " " " " 50 "	£45 "
50 " " " " 55 "	£50 "
55 " " " " 60 "	£55 "
60 " and upwards	£60 "

The rate of bonus declared for last year has thus been maintained, and an increased bonus of **£5** per cent. will be distributed in the case of policies on which premiums have been paid for 35 and less than 40 years, 45 and less than 50 years, and 55 and less than 60 years.

Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths and Co. have examined the securities, and their certificate is appended to the balance sheets.

THOMAS C. DEWEY, Chairman.
W. J. LANCASTER.
J. IRVINE BOSWELL, } Directors.

D. W. STABLE.
J. SMART,
Joint Secretaries.

A. C. THOMPSON,
General Manager.
J. BURN, Actuary

The full Report and Balance Sheet can be obtained upon application.

RACING.

BY "OBSERVER."

As is usual just before the start of the flat racing season, steeplechasing during the past few days has been thoroughly interesting. The Champion Steeplechase at Hurst Park provided what should prove to be an excellent trial for the Grand National. It came as something of a surprise that Covertcoat and Lutteur III., who, throughout the early wagering on the race had been the best supported candidates, should be beaten by the grey Trianon III., whose previous form in this country had been very ordinary. And considering that all three horses carried the same weight, namely 11st. 7lb., at Hurst Park, where Trianon III., in spite of blundering at the last fence, won by a length and a half from his French compatriot, Lutteur III., with Covertcoat a very bad third, it would appear likely that the latter pair can have but little chance with Trianon at Aintree, as there they are set to concede him 11lb. and 12lb. respectively.

* * *

Some little excuse may be allowed Lutteur III. and Covertcoat on the score of fitness, as both appeared at the end of the race as though they were not quite thoroughly wound up for Aintree. In the case of Lutteur III., a round little horse with marvellous jumping ability, I do not think that sufficient use was made of him in the race, as he was kept a good way behind Covertcoat, who set the pace until near home. Lutteur fenced so brilliantly that he gave me the impression that in spite of his disadvantage with regard to the weights with Trianon III. he will turn the tables on M. de Munn's horse at Liverpool.

* * *

Certainly Trianon III., who, by the way, is almost white in colour, showed a very fine turn of speed between the last two fences, when, from being third, he took the lead, but the more difficult country at Aintree will probably not suit him nearly so well as a "Park" course. Covertcoat compounded in such manner near the end of the race that I would not care to recommend him to follow up his success of last year. I have previously mentioned in this column that Sir C. Assheton Smith's horse, with 12st. 7lb. to shoulder, would have to put up about the best performance on record for the race to carry off the spoils again. And if he is successful on March 27th I shall be very much surprised, as I do not think he is the great horse that many people give him credit for being.

* * *

His Majesty's steeplechaser, Twelfth Lancer, was given the opportunity of atoning for his bad failure at Kempton Park, where he fell, in the Hurst Handicap Steeplechase. This time he did not come to grief, but his display was not good, as he was soundly beaten by Belus, who was in receipt of 23lb. Twelfth Lancer will have to show greatly improved form if he is to register a Royal victory in the blue riband of the steeplechasing world. Still it is worth remembering that he has twice been successful over portions of the Grand National country, which is a vastly different proposition from the ordinary enclosed course.

* * *

A fortnight ago I mentioned the names of Carrigrue, Jacobus, and Sir George Bullough's selected, Regent or Ilston, as being likely to supply the winner of the race, and from these I will make my final selection next week.

* * *

There have been several notable developments with regard to the Lincolnshire Handicap recently. Many good horses, such as Sir Martin, Aldegond and Percival Keene, all of whom had been supported in the early wagering, have been struck out of the race, and in consequence the wagering is not so open. That Sir Martin was scratched did not come as a great surprise, as early on it was rumoured that all was not well with him; but the other pair seemed to be travelling well in the market when the pen was put through their names. There are one or two important trials pending at the moment of writing, so I will leave my final selection until the next issue. Happy Warrior, Cuthbert, and Romeo are still the trio I have most fancy for.

* * *

This week we have the only clear week's steeplechasing until next December, and little interest will be taken in the sport under National Hunt rules after the Grand National has been decided. The meetings of chief interest during the next few days are Wolverhampton on Monday and Tuesday, Wye on Monday, Newbury on Wednesday, Thursday, Kempton Park on Friday, and Lingfield on Saturday, which, when half a dozen minor gatherings are taken into consideration, means a very busy week's

* * *

On the opening day at Wolverhampton the Stanton Steeplechase may fall to Limitation, the Stayers' Handicap Hurdle to Avernus, and the Tally-Ho Hunters' Handicap Steeplechase to Rare China. Lycabettus may win in the Hagley Handican Steeplechase on the second day, Mintlaw in the Grendon Handicap Hurdle, and Hampton in the Staveley Selling Steeplechase.

* * *

The Hunters' Handicap Steeplechase at Wye may be won by Watershield, the Selling Handicap Steeplechase by Gallerani, and the Ashford Handicap Hurdle by Miss

* * *

Newbury will provide excellent racing. On the first day Cooldreen should win the Newbury Steeplechase, Father Roche the United Services Handicap Steeplechase, and Dublin Bay the Moderate Handicap Hurdle. They may secure the Grand National Trial Steeplechase on Thursday, Katanga the Greenham Handicap Hurdle, and Cannock Lass the United Services Handicap Hurdle.

* * *

At Kempton Park on Friday the Arlington Handicap Steeplechase should fall to Ebonette, the Cleveland Handicap Steeplechase to Rathnally, and the Atherstone Handicap Hurdle to Sumurun.

* * *

Café du Monde may win the Felcourt Hurdle Handicap at Lingfield Park, Borden Chief the March Selling Handicap, and Grey Leg IV. the London and Brighton Selling Steeplechase.

A bye-law at Broadstairs says that you must not photograph the bathers. The law that you must put up all parcels, umbrellas and walking sticks to a certain before going on to the beach has not yet been enforced.

* * *

At the Futurist Picture Exhibition in Paris one picture shows Eve in an attire of pink leaves, whilst Adam has blue hair. Of course, when leaves blush it is really enough to turn anyone's hair blue.

* * *

"In view of the grave importance of the present situation" we have decided to continue selling *Modern Life* at one penny per copy in Great Britain and Ireland. We must firmly refrain from following the example of our erstwhile threepenny-twopenny contemporary in providing readers supplied with material for shelf coverings.

* * *

The five stages of life are:—(1) the bassinette; (2) the tandem; (3) the motor; (4) the bath-chair, and (5) the hearse.

* * *

Margaret Paterson, one of the militant suffragettes arrested during the riots in Whitehall last week, said: "Never mind about me. Go and break the windows and set fire to them." Trust a woman for devising cruel things such as that of igniting glass. Later, addressing the magistrate, she exultantly declaimed "It took ten constables and eight horses to arrest me." Of course, these animals will have been hors de combat, but all the same we should like to know from where Miss Margaret hails. Is it Ulster?

* * *

One swallow may not make a summer, but one grasshopper makes many springs.

* * *

Gutyon Bougham, the American sculptor, says that many of the statues in American are not made by those the names they bear. It shows how easy it is to lay

* * *

The *Daily Sketch* asks: "Who among our politicians musical?" There seems to be a number of them accomplished on an instrument that somewhat resembles the harp.

* * *

Dignity and swelled head are kindred vices.

* * *

The *Evening News* is really getting poetical. A tion from the issue of March 4th reads: "Returning from school to-day, two little girls named Lizzie . . ." Are they sure the ghirls were ghoing

OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

heard the suggestion made that this season might
ge, alteration, or improvement upon the present
unge coat, which is cut long with a tendency
aping-in to waist, but I do not think this is
eventuate.

* * *

mer style of lounge, viz., short, loose and sacky,
graceful garment. The lengthening was the first
nt, and the waisting was still another. The
d lounge, where the cloth was sprung from waist
hips, hanging almost in folds, was good where
fully done; but first it was only suited to a young
mart man, and, secondly, it was very frequently
e.

* * *

se, tailors are only too glad of some change in
that mode as well as wear may put a suit out
ut I see no reason why the short sack lounge
ne in again this year, and I do not think it will

* * *

-button lounge with very long soft roll lapel
f more than good appearance and effect, but it
areful workmanship, and this means money.
ng is necessary on the fronts of the coat, and this
same throughout—or at least it should entail it.

* * *

side breast pocket has not been used of late years,
is coming in again, and in fact is in. Last year
g coats had this pocket; now they all have it.
nge coat would be well to have this feature, if
ow that it is in date.

* * *

ts of waistcoats are still being cut dropping from
ront, and points well shaped off. The lapels
ome time been cut plain, but the collar is used
tent, especially where the waistcoat is made with
ning.

* * *

in tweed, as an item of self-suit, may be cut loose
to knee, but in cashmere, worsted, or in the new
stripes a smarter cut should be adopted, as more
e black morning coat with which such are usually

* * *

n enquiry from Calcutta as to what is worn now
in evenings—dinner and then to the theatre.
this means evening-dress; if ladies are present,
; if a man's party, dinner jacket is in order.
hould be the opera, collapsible—not the silk
be overcoat, single-breasted, coming just below
thin black vicuna cloth of dull finish surface,
ame material and lined throughout thin silk or

* * *

ition above of dinner jacket reminds me of a
novation upon this, which I have recently seen.
owever, the coat in question can hardly be called
acket; it might appropriately be called an after-
ket. The jacket I saw was evidently for a very
and was the conventional thing, black vicuna,
oll collar and lapels; but where inventive genius
s at the sleeves, which were cut Raglan shape,
deep arm-holes and top side of sleeve running
e from cuff, over shoulder, and in to the neck.

* * *

by tailor what the inner significance of this novel
from the usual was, and found that his client,
dered this detail, was a rich and amply nourished
and a keen billiardist. He wanted his dinner
le to give ample ease and stretch in his after-
dred-up; and it struck me that the Raglan sleeve
all a bad idea; so if there are no patent rights
present the specification to *Modern Life*.

* * *

Saunders will be pleased to answer in this column oncerning any problem of dress. Readers requiring eply should enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

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